Saturday Night

Canada's Magazine of Business and Contemporary Affairs

APRIL 27TH 1957 20 CENTS

Engineer Shortage Can Be Ended By Skilled Workers

BY R. M. BAIDEN

Getting The News In Red China

BY WILLIAM STEVENSON

Why Not Control Your Own Funeral?

BY EILEEN MORRIS

Solving The Pressure On Modern Man

BY BRIAN CAHILL

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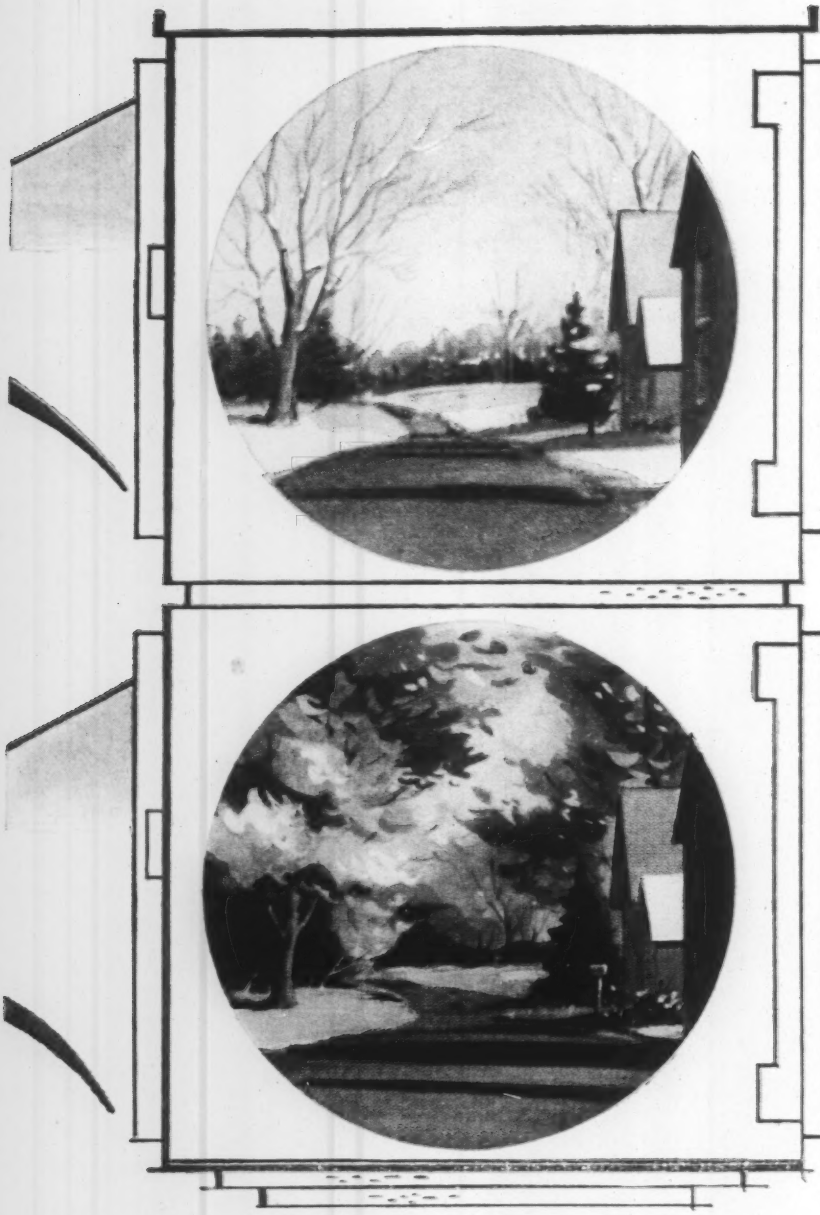
Dr. Hans Selye: Page 16



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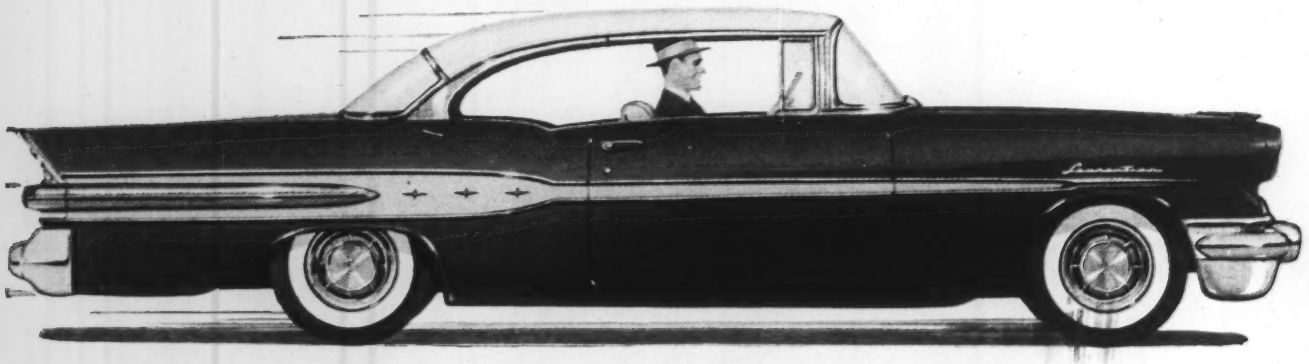

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Saturday Night

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R. M. Baiden

Canada's much-publicized shortage of engineers is unreal, and the real shortage — of technicians — has been caused by industry itself. Mr. Baiden, SATURDAY NIGHT's business editor, tells what is being done, on Page 9.

William Stevenson

Foreign correspondent of the *Toronto Star*, Bill Stevenson has all Asia as his beat, from Suez to Shanghai. His base is Hong Kong, and from there he frequently goes into Red China for first-hand reports.

John D. Harbron

Toronto bureau manager for *Business Week* magazine, John D. Harbron, who recently returned to this country after a round of political interviews in Spain, discusses Franco's turbulent policies and politics on Page 14.

Brian Cahill

Is most disease caused by stress? Brian Cahill, medical reporter for the *Montreal Gazette*, writes about the revolutionary concept advanced by Dr. Hans Selye of Montreal in the article on Page 16.

"Fifteen Fabulous Days in Britain
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says this Ontario business girl shown here at the centuries old village of Wendens Ambo deep in the heart of the English countryside

It's easy to see why more Canadians than ever are planning to vacation *this year* in England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland! They know that, *this year,* you can enjoy a full fifteen days in Britain for as little as $490* — including your round-trip fare! They know that *this year* vacation dollars will stretch agreeably far in Britain — especially in the thriftier, uncrowded Spring and Fall. They know that, *this year,* you can hire a self-drive car for 11¢ a mile — gas and all — with special gas allowances for visitors and virtually no limit to the motoring you can do! So *make this year your year* for that trip to Britain! Your Travel Agent will help you plan itineraries and arrange hotel and travel reservations. Have a chat with him — today!

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COME TO BRITAIN

Letters

Baby Bonus

. . . I would enquire why "you doubt" that the baby bonus is a good thing. To me as a family man it is a good thing. It is extra means to compensate for extra expense resulting from supporting my wife and three children. The employer cannot pay the family man more than the single man, yet the former has greater need. The baby bonus recognizes this fact and is an encouragement to building up Canada's future population from Canada's own people . . . Your article "Rising Birth Rate versus Slow Starvation" does not apply to Canada at present nor need it apply for the remainder of this century. As far as I can see, a greater population in Canada could have the result of such greater productivity as to enable Canada to help the underfed peoples of Asia, etc. . . .

KINDERSLEY, SASK. ROBERT S. L. MCADAM

Editor's note: We believe there are sounder encouragements to procreation than the baby bonus.

Socred Peeved

Your front page tells us that Canadians must raise their living standards 90% in the next ten years in order to make full use of their expanded production. Your back page contains a letter deploring "the steadily mounting volume of consumer debt", attributing this (erroneously, in my opinion) to the fact ..t "the average individual simply has no sense of money management."

In the pages in between, therefore, it would have been helpful if instead of the ignorant and vituperative paragraphs contained in your Ottawa Letter, you had devoted a little space to informing your readers of the way in which Social Credit claims to be able to permit living standards to be raised, without the presently inevitable "mounting volume of consumer debt", exposing any fallacies you might find, as need be . . .

EDMONTON J. M. HATTERSLEY

Auto Research

For the sake of argument, I would like to say that Canada's automotive (or should it be automobile?) industry has no research program. It buys or borrows practically all of it from the American industry.

For that matter, if the American industry carries on a "broad and energetic research program" it has very little to show for it. Most of the developments which have made the motor car what it

is today should be credited to other industries such as, the rubber industry (better riding and longer lasting tires), the metals industry (lighter and more heat resisting metals), the chemical industry (better anti-freeze, more beautiful upholstery and inside finishes, cheaper, more colorful and more easily applied paint), the electrical industry (more reliable electrical systems, starting motors, lights, servo-motors), the glass industry (non-shatterable glass, curved windshields), and the machine tool industry (automatic high speed tools developed in conjunction with the metal industry and the electrical or electronic industry) making possible the mass production of motor cars which has enabled the motor car industry to produce a better car at a relatively lower price. . . .

TORONTO GARTH E. MAYBEE

Canadian Supermen

It must be quite true that we Canadians are too retiring and modest. After reading the well-deserved eulogies of Prime Minister St. Laurent ("stands in no man's shadow"), External Affairs Minister Pearson (who headed off World War III), the indomitable C. D. Howe and indefatigable Paul Martin, can there be any doubt that we, too, have our Supermen?

WINNIPEG J. MACDONALD

Lord's Day Alliance

Mr. W. P. Jenkins' article "Is the Lord's Day Alliance on the Way Out?" is commendable. More such refreshing items are needed to rebuke and combat the forces of obscurantism and inhibition which impair our society.

While the nuisance-quality of such legislation as the Lord's Day Act is not to be minimized, what is more odious is the disrespect shown by its proponents for the intelligence and moral integrity of the individual citizen. With what presumption do they propose themselves as moral authorities, and how admirable by contrast is Mr. Jenkins' humanistic approach in its faith in the individual's ability to be his own moral legislator and guardian.

TORONTO J. M. O. WHEATLEY

. . . Your readers will doubtless be both edified and heartened to learn where they may find relief from the "religious mediocrity" of the day. One need only drop in where Mr. Jenkins himself is preaching to hear "a message to meet the crying needs of our times," presented in "an interesting and challenging way". From him, one may confidently expect to receive "a powerful, meaningful religious message in this time of desperation". Our confidence in this matter may be implicit, for we have it, by strong implication, from the man himself.

But does the article tell us anything we do not already know about the Sabbath, the Alliance, labor, or the newspaper busi-

Royal Bank Manager Takes King-Size Chemistry Course

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ness? Is Mr. Jenkins even concerned to make a serious contribution to the solution of this problem; or is this issue merely a pretext for launching a diatribe against the churches whose views (apart from the Lord's Day) he does not happen to share?

Rarely in Canadian journalism of the better sort has a feature article been so lacking in constructive thought, and so utterly devoid of good taste.

CHARLES C. COCHRANE, BA, BD.

WESTMOUNT, QUE.

. . . Since Mr. Jenkins no doubt rejects, as do others of the Unitarian Church, the fundamental tenets of other Christian churches, namely, the unique origin of Christ, as recorded in the New Testament, His Resurrection from the grave and the gift of the Holy Ghost (in other words the doctrine of the Trinity), may we who accept these beliefs seriously question his right to "advise" the Lord's Day Alliance in the matter of how to use this "first day of the week"? . . . Mr. Jenkins cannot very well accept the Jewish Sabbath (seventh day) with its stern prohibitions. Why then does he show concern lest our Lord's Day become commercialized?

EDMONTON MRS. A. E. COOK

After reading the article in a recent issue by the Pastor of the Unitarian Church, I feel impelled to send my friend, Alvin McGrath a cheque to assist in a small way his campaign for a non-working Sunday. You know, and I know, that to remove this legislation would simply mean more and more people would be compelled to work on Sundays. We'll never make people religious by law, but there comes a time when our economic sense tells us that our whole make up demands cessation from work for at least one day a week.

TORONTO G. A. HARRAP

. . . Granted, the Alliance may well have laid itself open to his criticisms; it may have been blunderingly inconsistent—but is that any reason for asking it to retreat? Why not ask it to take a firmer stand? *Do* we need a Sunday offering "a wide choice of cultural and recreational pursuits"—with, presumably, an Alliance busily engaged in providing us with such? Can't we be allowed one day in seven in which to rely on our *own* resources? By all means let us have the "powerful, meaningful religious message"—and a quiet Sunday in which to receive it.

MURIEL E. NEWTON-WHITE

CHARLTON STA., ONT.

Canada Council

The Canada Council will certainly have to spend its pennies wisely. But I cannot agree with your statement that "it cannot afford to pay for books still unwritten, poetry still to be conceived, music still not composed". You are displaying an antiquated prejudice against artists — the old-fashioned belief that writers and composers and musicians should be happy to work half-starved in cold attics. What nonsense! How much great work has been lost to the world because of creative artists who died young because of hardship or had to use their energy simply in the job of staying alive!

This rich country can surely afford to give its promising young artists enough food and shelter to enable them to produce the culture we so earnestly desire . . . The job of the Canada Council is to foster culture, not reward those who have already won recognition.

OTTAWA EMILY HARRISON

Airborne Executives

"The Rise of the Airborne Executive" by R. M. Baiden gives a brief but brilliantly factual coverage of the costs of business flying. The article would appear to apply to conditions and costs in Canada, yet the tabulated figures appear to be U.S. figures. Depreciation rates in particular are considerably higher for income tax purposes than the five-year depreciation values shown in the table. What portions of these data are applicable to Canadian flying? Is the Mooney Mark 20 distributed in Canada for the price shown?

MONTREAL R. NEIL PAYTON

Editor's Note: All figures in the table are American, to conform with the pattern of the Canadian industry's pricing and cost structure. Reason for this practice is that Canadian experience has not yet been extensive enough to provide the necessary data. It is also understood that Canadian costs roughly parallel those in the U.S. on an over-all basis; for example, while depreciation write-offs are more liberal in Canada, the initial cost and fuel costs may be higher. The Mooney Mark 20 delivered price in Canada is a little under $16,000 including equipment, plus Canadian sales tax f.o.b. the field at which it is delivered.

Grandstand Show

We kill opportunity for our talented young people, spend our energies on the mediocre or underprivileged and spend our money on a foreign product. . . So my sympathies are all with the Canadian entertainers. They get their education and training in Canada but if they want to get into "the big money" (even Canadian big money) they have to get out of Canada.

One final point. You very effectively point out that the Grandstand Show netted $80,000 in 1955 with an imported MC. In 1956 with all-Canadian talent the net was only $10,000. You fail to mention that in 1956 the "Ex" suffered the worst weather in all its 78 years. The Grandstand show was rained out four or five nights of the fourteen.

TORONTO GEORGE BABINGTON

Ottawa Letter

by John A. Stevenson

Campaign in the Heartland

THE VOTERS of Ontario and Quebec, who between them contribute 160 out of the 265 members of the present House of Commons, have a decisive voice in the result of our Federal elections and therefore a consideration of their voting inclinations deserves priority over any appraisement of the mood of the electors in the other eight provinces.

Once more Ontario promises to be the scene of the hardest political fighting. During the first third of this century it was the firmest stronghold of Conservative sentiment in Canada. Then in the thirties the late Mitchell Hepburn, an expert demagogue, produced a change in its political climate, which gave the Liberals victory in the provincial election of 1934 and 56 out of the province's 81 seats in the Federal Parliament in the election of 1935.

A restoration of Tory ascendancy in the provincial area, which Mr. Drew began in 1943, has now been solidified by Mr. Frost. But in the Federal field a distinct recovery of Progressive Conservative strength in the election of 1945 was not sustained. It was followed by two disastrous setbacks in 1949 and 1953 and the failure of Mr. Drew to carry a majority of the seats in his own province did great damage to his prestige in the rest of the country.

Forty years ago, Ontario was an Anglo-Saxon community with a French-Canadian fringe on the northland and along the Ottawa River, and a few pockets of German settlers. A steady re-inforcement of the French-Canadians and the entry of large groups of immigrants have made a substantial addition to the elements among the voters with whom the traditional appeals made by the Tory party carry very little weight. But there is a firm underlying stratum of Conservative sentiment in Ontario and the admirers of Mr. Diefenbaker profess confidence that he will be much more successful in reaching it than Mr. Drew was. They admit that a number of Tories in the upper income brackets suspect Mr. Diefenbaker of such radical tendencies that they will either vote Liberal or stay at home, but they believe that ample compensation will be forthcoming from the large personal following among the farmers and urban workers, which Mr. Diefenbaker is said to have acquired.

Premier Frost: A wishing well.

The realization of these hopes will depend largely upon the attitude adopted by Premier Frost and his lieutenants. For some reason or other they had little love for Mr. Drew, and they were also anxious to maintain friendly relations with the St. Laurent Ministry and retain the goodwill of the numerous Liberals, who had begun to vote for them in provincial elections. Consequently they did not exert themselves seriously to help Mr. Drew in the Federal elections of 1949 and 1953 and indeed hurt his cause in Ontario by their apathy towards it. Now, however, Mr. Frost seems to have discovered that his efforts to cultivate the favor of the St. Laurent Ministry have been poorly rewarded; they have failed to produce sympathetic consideration at Ottawa for the urgent needs of Ontario, the largest contributor to Federal Treasury. So Premier Frost has at intervals indulged in harsh comments upon the selfishness of Ottawa and denounced its policies about taxation as inimical to the interests of Ontario.

Undoubtedly Mr. Frost has a strong

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hold upon the respect and affection of multitude of voters in Ontario, particularly in the rural districts, and has at his command a well-organized political machine. If he campaigned vigorously in person for Mr. Diefenbaker and made his machine operate in high gear against the Liberals, a good many of the 49 seats now held by the latter in Ontario could be classified as vulnerable. But, when Mr. Frost appeared side by side with Mr. Diefenbaker at the meeting of the Progressive Conservative Association of Western Ontario at London, his utterances rather disappointed the ardent partisans of the Federal leader.

"I wish John Diefenbaker well," was not the firm promise of wholehearted support which they had hoped for, and they were made uneasy by his proclamation that he was not a "bitter and unreasonable partisan" and that his differences with Ottawa over fiscal matters were "not founded on politics".

The Liberals are hopeful that Mr. Frost will set limits to his enthusiasm for Mr. Diefenbaker and not range forth like a roaring lion to denounce their delinquencies and endanger their seats.

The labor vote will be an important factor in the contest. The decline in the fortunes of the CCF in Ontario in the past decade can be attributed largely to the bitter feud between the rightist Trades and Labor Congress and the leftist Canadian Congress of Labor; a CCF candidate who belonged to one of these organizations was unacceptable to most of the adherents of the other body. Most of the CCF candidates happened to be leftists and accordingly members of unions belonging to the Trades and Labor Congress have been voting heavily for the Liberal party. But the recent merger of the two labor organizations has healed this feud and created a new situation.

Mr. Coldwell, the leader of the CCF has wisely refrained from pressing the national executive of the new-born Canadian Labor Congress for its endorsation of his party as its political instrument. But he has had the satisfaction of seeing its Ontario section, the Ontario Federation of Labor, make this move by a large majority at its last convention. It is, however, far from certain that the leaders of the labor unions of Ontario could deliver solidly to CCF candidates the three quarters of a million votes which the rank and file plus their dependents could muster. Still, even if they only achieved partial success with this aim, good candidates of the CCF would stand a chance of election in industrial seats.

The chief sufferers from a concerted rally of the labor vote to CCF candidates would be the Liberals, but the Progressive Conservatives would also be adversely affected by it. The foolish charge made by Mr. Dunbar, the Provincial Secretary, that Dr. Eugene Forsey, the chief economic expert of the Canadian Labor Congress, was once a Communist, has aroused great resentment in labor circles in Ontario. One Federal candidate of the Progressive-Conservative party is credited with the rueful estimate that Mr. Dunbar's silly accusation will cost him 1,000 votes on June 10.

The CCF leaders do not expect to make any spectacular gains in Ontario but they hope that the election will reveal an encouraging addition to their voting strength and pave the way for greater success in 1961, when, as they confidently expect, they will have secured the full blessing of the Canadian Labor Congress.

Quebec, by contrast, has been the most reliable fortress of Liberalism since 1896

Premier Duplessis: A sour view.

and only in the election of 1930 was the Tory party able to make any serious breach in its walls.

A month ago the political pundits were agreeing with the confident predictions of the Liberals that they would not only retain all the 66 of Quebec's 75 seats which they now hold, but would win back two of the four seats now in Tory hands. They still feel sure that George Mooney, their excellent candidate in the Notre Dame de Grace division of Montreal, will wrest that seat from W. M. Hamilton and that in Quebec South Wilfrid Dufresne will not again profit by the internal feud which in 1953 split the Liberal vote between three competitors and enabled him to win the seat with 37% of the popular vote.

The Liberals from Quebec also were saying that there was no need to bestir themselves to blacken the name of Mr. Diefenbaker, because most of the delegates from Quebec who had attended the convention that elected him leader had, on their return from Ottawa, been proclaiming far and wide that they could not support him because they had clear evidence that he was hostile both to the French-Canadian people and to the Roman Catholic church. They even disseminated a story, quite false, that when a branch of the Klu Klux Klan, avowed enemy of Rome, was formed in Saskatchewan about 1929, he had joined it.

Obviously Mr. Diefenbaker could only hope to make any headway in Quebec through the active co-operation of Premier Duplessis. It was understood that the latter took a sour view of his elevation to the Tory leadership, because he had denounced the notorious Padlock Law as a reprehensible violation of fundamental human rights. So there seemed no valid reason to expect that there would be available any serious checks upon the natural operation of racial emotion in favor of Mr. St. Laurent.

But Mr. Duplessis remains an inveterate political enemy of the Prime Minister. There are also reports from Quebec that some of Mr. Diefenbaker's strong pronouncements about provincial rights have restored him to the good graces of Mr. Duplessis to such a degree that the latter is now disposed to intervene in the election, not as an open but as a surreptitious ally.

There is now a prospect that a substantial number of Liberal members from Quebec will find themselves challenged for their seats by candidates who will label themselves Independents, but will actually be members of the Union Nationale party. They will have no truck or trade with the official Progressive Conservative organization and they will probably not even mention the name of Mr. Diefenbaker. But they will campaign against the Liberals on the ground that they are pernicious centralizers, who are ready to aggrandise the Federal authority at the expense of the sacred provincial rights of Quebec, and they will expect to have the backing of Mr. Duplessis' well-oiled provincial machine and some financial support from his campaign chest.

If the theory that Mr. Duplessis' attacks upon Mr. St. Laurent as a betrayer of the provincial rights of Quebec have weakened the latter's popularity among his compatriots, then a campaign by French-Canadian "Independents" on this ground might bring reinforcements at Ottawa to the trio of Independents, Messrs. Gagnon, Poulin and Girard, who were elected by similar tactics in 1953. So, if the Progressive Conservatives lose some of their seats in Quebec, they may gain at the expense of the Liberals some potential allies. It should not be forgotten that the Nationalist members who won seats in Quebec in 1911, after they arrived in Ottawa, soon became loyal followers of Sir Robert Borden.

Records

by William Krehm

Vaughan Williams: Symphony in D Minor, No. 8; **Butterworth:** A Shropshire Lad; **Bax:** The Garden of Fand. Halle Orchestra under Sir John Barbirolli. *Quality Records LPC*-10.

This is the first recording of Vaughan Williams' latest symphony, the vigorous fruit of a prodigious octogenarian. It lacks the spaciousness of some of its predecessors, but you have in it Vaughan Williams' roisterous command of musical mass, some tersely expressive writing, and his usual courage in the choice of sonorities — in this instance a sweeping partiality for jangles and clangles. This latter, of course, might be put down as vulgar, as could some of the thematic materials in this and other Vaughan Williams works. But when Vaughan Williams chooses to work with vulgar materials it is not that he himself is in any way vulgar. It's simply that he is completely self-assured, and refuses to drink his cup of tea with his little finger crooked. If he addresses us in rowdy accents and drops his haitches more often than is strictly necessary — as happens in the witty Scherzo alla Marcia — you must remember that he is a rebel who gave to English music a broader base than the Edwardian gentilities that were dominant in his youth.

Bax's Celtic fancifulness makes an interesting contrast to Williams' Saxon ruggedness, but he is a far slighter composer. Butterworth's ethereal gem is as enchanting as ever. Performance excellent; sound good.

Claudio Monteverdi: Lamento d'Arianna — Elisabeth Hoengen, alto, Sonata a 8 sopra "Sancta Maria Ora Pro Nobis" — Instrumental group and sopranos of St. Hedwig's Cathedral, Berlin, under Carl Gorvin.

Giacomo Carissimi — Jephthe — Johannes Feyerabend, Lisa Schwarzweller, Norddeutscher Singkreis and instrumental group under Gottfried Wolters. *Arc* 3005.

There is about Renaissance music a morning freshness that other periods with all their accumulated technical attainments have never since regained. Claudio Monteverdi straddled the Renaissance and Baroque periods, and with Carissimi was a pioneer in exploring a new uncharted field — that of expressing highly personal emotions. Columbus's first glimpse of the new world could hardly have been more exciting.

On this disc Monteverdi is given in both these facets. As master of the old polyphony he appears in the *Sonata a 8 sopra Sancta Maria Ora Pro Nobis* (listeners may recognize the Gregorian melody as something that crops up during the Hell Ride in Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*). In the *Lamento d'Adrianna* he reveals his genius for playing on the strings of the human heart as surely as he ever did on those of his viol.

Opera — a baroque innovation — had been pioneered by a group of Florentine literati who wished to bring back the art of the Greeks. Monteverdi borrowed their idea, but transformed their pseudo-archeological experiments into something bracingly alive. Into *Arianna's Lament*, written shortly after the death of his wife, he poured his own private grief and produced something at once so searing and majestic, so deeply expressive of every shading of sorrow, that it became the most celebrated bit of music of the age, and a landmark in musical history. Nothing in the literature has since surpassed its anguished outpouring.

What Monteverdi was for opera, Carissimi was to oratorio. Listening to his setting of Jephthe's sacrifice of his daughter, you will be wrung by the pathos of the afflicted father, the resignation of the daughter, and excited by the clean-limbed vigor of the paeans of triumph.

Performance excellent; sound superb.

John Sebastian Bach: Cantata 56 "Ich will den Kreuzstab gerne tragen" Cantata 82: "Ich habe genug" Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, Hermann Toettcher, Oboe, Berliner Mottenchor and Karl Ristenpart Chamber Orchestra. *Arc* 3058.

Two of Bach's greatest solo cantatas sung by Fischer-Dieskau whose gift in the field is as pronounced as in opera and lieder. As sung by him the music glows with a tender exaltation. Only slight lapses in pitch mar an outstanding performance. Sound good.

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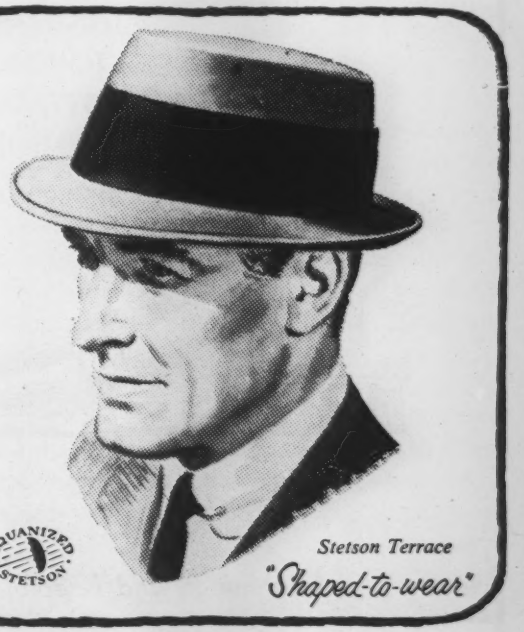

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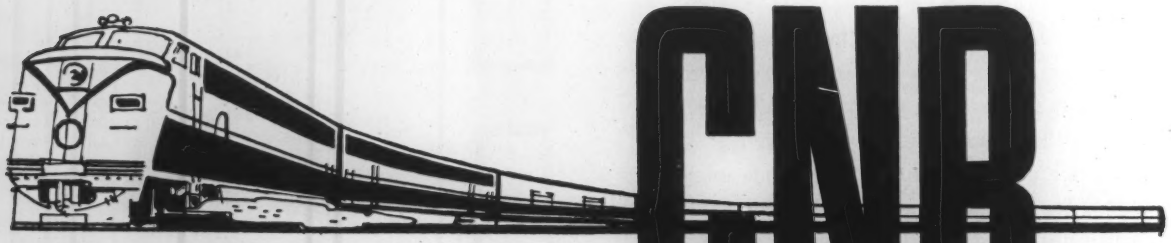

CNR

Information and reservations from your Canadian National Representative.

Saturday Night

Canada's Burgeoning Industrial Boom Has Sparked This Revolutionary

New Engineering Plan for Technicians

by R. M. Baiden

THERE has been a lot of anguished hand wringing lately about a shortage of technical personnel in Canada. There was a highly publicized conference of educators and industrialists not long ago, called to look into the situation; and there has been a deluge of propaganda advocating one or another remedy ever since. The general theme has been that Canada is not producing enough engineers.

Until quite recently, nobody did much of anything about it. Now somebody has—the engineers themselves.

What the engineers—in this case the Association of Professional Engineers of Ontario—have done is to blueprint and begin to put into practice a long-range plan for integration of technical employees up to and including those of professional engineering status.

The reasoning behind the engineers' plan is interesting. In the first place, the Association contends there is no overall shortage of engineers. But it does say there is a shortage of trained technical personnel and for this it blames not educators but industry itself.

It says industry has required engineers to perform a multitude of tasks that should properly be done by persons with lower qualifications, and in so doing has neglected the technician. The technician, the Association feels, has had no opportunity to develop a sense of status or to progress through clearly defined phases to become a professional engineer.

The technician, the Association believes, is a vital person for Canada's

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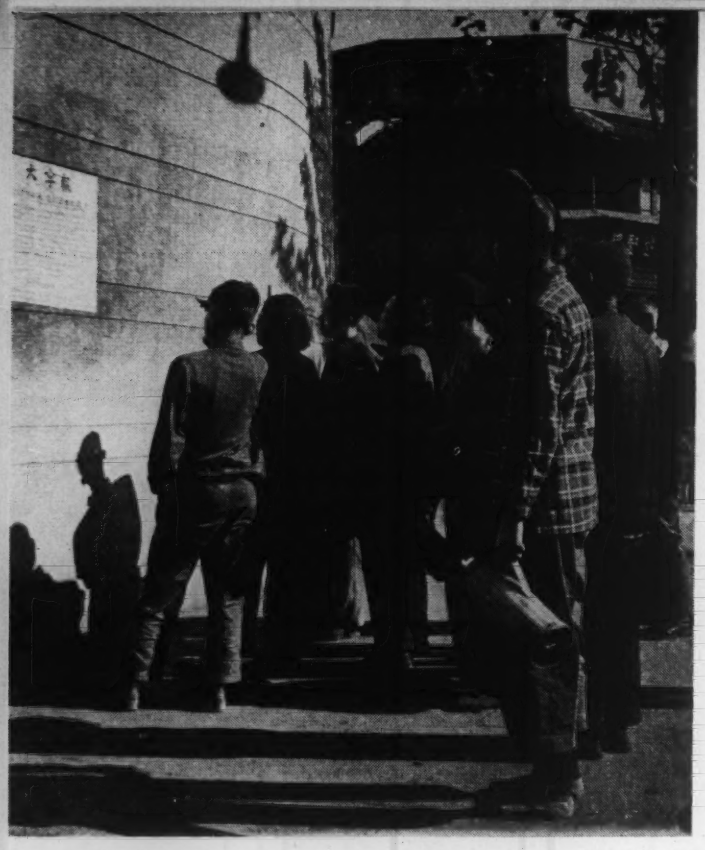
Scheme will call for establishment of more schools like Ryerson.



Wallboards supply news for internal consumption.

Getting the News in Red China

by William Stevenson

Instead of censorship there is a peculiar atmosphere of self-righteousness. In Peking a dark cloud of ignorance falls.

PEKING: When Mr. Dulles banned U.S. newsmen from Peking, he forgot to mention the gravest threat to their integrity. They might fall victim to what an Australian reporter has called the Delirium of Reason, which leaves visitors feeling deranged, sinful and guilty. This could lead them in turn to suppose that the "Red" part of China was not exactly what the Kremlin has in mind. There is, of course, a Chinese Red Army, red walls round Mao Tse-tung's workshop beside the Forbidden City and red stars scattered over all the countryside. Red means to most Chinese, however, all that is great, joyful and dignified. The color represented these virtues long before the arrival of Marx the great leveller. It is Mandarin red, a mantle for emperors.

This reporter feels certain facts should be known, therefore, about conditions for foreign coverage of events now carrying 600 million human beings through social upheavals that brought bloodshed to Russia.

Violence is no longer the argument in China; patient, evangelical effort is herding millions into the new colonies of Sinkiang, Tibet and the far north-east; hot-gospellors swiftly bearing the message from Peking have turned the countryside into a series of huge collectives by talking one-quarter of the world's peasants into meek surrender. But since this marathon, one-sided debate, this gigantic Talkathon is only too painfully clear, why bother to report it from Peking?

There are staggering paradoxes in Chinese Communism. I have been inside four times, the last time after travelling around the Soviet Union, and have emerged each time just a little dizzier. Leader Mao Tse-tung has become the inspiration of revolt in Asia and Africa. Much remains to be told about Mao's part in encouraging East Europe along separate Socialist paths, of his intervention on behalf of Poland and (following the Hungarian tragedy) his efforts to preserve the homogeneity of the Communist bloc. Whether the heresies that abound in China today are permanent features or whether they are exceedingly cunning devices for overwhelming the opposition and disarming the suspicious only time, diplomats and foreign correspondents can tell.

Time has been hobbled by Mr. Dulles (and Henry Luce, who used to say "the Russian mind" was incapable of grappling with modern technical civilization and who now maintains the same views about China). The diplomats for the most part are confined to the grey walls of the Legation Quarters.

The correspondent can tell the tale any way he pleases. His despatches are not censored. His photographs and ciné-films are allowed to leave the country unexposed.

This may not be the case always in future but it has been so ever since my first visit more than two years ago.

Instead of censorship, there is a peculiar atmosphere of self-righteousness. The rough Western newsman with his carnal instincts, his bacchanalian habits and his crude technique of plunging directly into any subject of discussion begins to falter before the level gaze of dedicated little men in blue. Soon he is swatting flies and retrieving match-stalks with the best of them; and on some notable occasions meekly requesting nutritious soya-bean milk for supper.

He rises, if he is altogether weak-minded, at crack of dawn to watch the comrades at the first of their thrice-daily "Recreation Interludes." The clerks and factory hands, the hotel waiters and government officials swing their arms to the command of a character sitting cosily in his Peking Radio studio. If the correspondent hopes to ingratiate himself with the Foreign Office information staff by this behaviour, he is quite mistaken. His participation in healthful exercise is regarded at best as dawning recognition of China's correct outlook on life; at worst, a somewhat clumsy attempt to disguise his true, capitalistic decadence.

Once, in Shanghai, I was hurled out of bed by the rhythmic thump of anti-aircraft guns. The sky was streaked with tracers. Shrapnel clattered on the roof-tops. The firing moved away to the south and lasted two hours.

Next day I requested information from the military authorities. "About what?" I was asked. "The air raid," said I.

Everyone looked mystified. An earnest young official said he would most certainly make inquiries. Exactly what had I seen? Indeed. Most curious. I could rest assured that a full investigation would be made. The hotel staff looked blank. The answer came back that nothing was known about air raids or gunfire. I began to doubt my senses. But a companion confirmed what I had seen and heard. That this confirmation was even necessary is an indication of how the non-U (non-Understanding) of the comrades can confuse you.

I filed the story. Two hours later it was in the *Toronto Star* office: planes, believed to be piloted by Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists on Formosa, had been driven off by Shanghai Communist guns. There were details of probable gun calibre, the reaction of the Shanghai populace (nil) and some speculation.

None of the comrades mentioned the cable. It seemed to be an indelicate subject.

There are, as I write, two permanent Western correspondents in Peking. They come and go as they like. One represents Reuters and, in reciprocation, a reporter of the New China Agency (Hsin Hua) is based in London. The other files for the French News Agency, regarded as a branch of the French Government by the Chinese. The French government does not recognise the Peking regime. It does recognise the Nationalist Chinese

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

Mao Tse-tung has been the inspirer of revolt in Asia and Africa but how does he stand elsewhere?

What are the facts about events now carrying 600 million people through a vast social upheaval?

Clerks and factory hands swing their arms to the command of a character in a radio studio.

Money for costly wreaths could be put to good use.

Why Not Control

THE PRESENT DAY version of 'decent Christian burial' is seldom either decent or Christian. Certainly there is nothing Christian in prettying and preserving a corpse, or in parading round an open casket to stare in morbid curiosity at something that is not there.

If we call such practices pagan, we owe an apology to the pagans. When they performed rituals over their dead, at least they were expressing their religious beliefs.

Nothing in the Greek or Judeo-Christian tradition excuses us. When Socrates was asked in what manner he wished to be buried, he replied, "In any way that you like, but you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not run away from you." And Ecclesiastes is painfully clear: "And the dust returns to the dust as it was, and the spirit returns to God who gave it."

Yet to return dust to dust is becoming a luxury. The most expensive car ride you'll ever take is the short trip from the funeral home to your grave. To our shame, we spend more on the average family death than on a birth.

In Toronto, the Welfare Department now pays $160 for the burial of the destitute. The Welfare Committee agreed this wasn't high, "in view of the fact that the average cost of a funeral today is $500".

Whose fault is it? The undertaker is a business man, giving the public what it wants. The overburdened clergyman is so involved with personal counselling, marriages, church leadership problems, Sunday School planning and a thousand and one committees, inside and outside of his church, that he is relieved if someone can take over the detail of a funeral.

In other words, we have no one to blame for the modern funeral but ourselves. It is social pressure that forces us to buy a costly funeral out of "love" for the dead. It is considered a reflection on a family's honor if

one of its members is not buried with pomp and pagentry.

Nothing is more tragic than the widow who squanders her insurance money on a three ring circus "because I owe that much to Harry". Harry worked a lifetime for the small nest egg she consigns to the earth. And there are the relatives who stand by at an $850 extravaganza for their brother, and then help his widow settle in a two room walk up, where she does her dishes in the bathroom sink.

I do not criticize the undertaker. Health laws and decency require that somebody take care of the dead. It is a good thing that the corpse can be removed from the family home, and that there is a competent organization available to relieve a sorrowing family of detail. But there can be no argument that as professionals have moved in, simplicity has moved out.

In the old days the neighbors laid Grandpa away with no more professional aid than the local furniture maker (who built coffins as a sideline) and the minister. Undertakers, casket manufacturers, florists, monument makers and cemetery promoters—all have encouraged elaboration and expense.

Let's take an example: embalming is necessary only where burial must be delayed, or where the casket is being shipped long distance. But embalming has become "correct". Just how necessary it is can be seen in the fact that only Canada and the United States practice universal embalming. Cosmetology is another modern "must". The undertaker is proud of his skill in restoring the features of the dead to a "natural" appearance, and heightens the effect with flattering amber light and recorded classics piped over hidden loudspeakers.

Yet what is life-like about a piece of discarded human clay pumped full of disinfectant and preservative chemicals, with a professional hair set and a face tinted with cosmetics? The thought is repulsive, and so are the results, an affront to our precious memories.

Actually, the undertaker is caught in a vicious circle. Under public pressure he must keep adding to his already high overhead. Family rooms, chapels, uniforms, pipe organs, indirect lighting, air conditioning plants, antiques, oil paintings, Cadillacs and broadloom can be paid for in only one way—by hiking the charge for a funeral.

In addition the family pays for flowers, newspaper notices, the cemetery plot or vault. In today's high real estate mart, cemetery plots are expensive, too—the average price of a four-grave lot in a city graveyard is about $500; a single plot about $150. Opening a grave costs, in our community, $48.

An average family can be $1000 poorer by the time the burial bills are paid. Nor is this the whole financial story. There is the matter of a monument to last "through the ages, a memorial to the dead, an inspiration to the living", another horror among the ugly acres of headstones. And there is perpetual care of the grave, whereby a family is clipped $10 a year for plantings and maintenance from now till the crack of doom.

Whenever I attend a funeral and see fancy wreaths and tasteless masses of unrelated floral "tributes", I envision what that money might have done—rehabilitated a juvenile delinquent, sent a needy child to summer camp, or given a university scholarship to a gifted student.

Wouldn't it be better if, instead of flowers which wilt within forty-eight hours, our money gifts went into heart research, or a hospital or church fund, or some cause or charity about which the person cared? Money given

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

ol Your Own Funeral?

by Eileen Morris

The most expensive car ride you'll ever take is the trip from funeral home to grave.

Great skill is used to give the dead an appearance of life; but the clay is full only of chemicals.

After Franco Another Monarchy?

by John D. Harbron

The new look in Spain. General Franco has now stepped out of uniform for public appearances.

EACH YEAR since 1943, General Francisco Franco, accompanied by his cabinet, has made a pilgrimage to The Escorial near Madrid to commemmorate Alfonso XIII, Spain's last but not abdicated king who died in Rome in 1941. Each year the Spanish Monarchists have waited for a sign from the *caudillo's* annual visit to Philip II's cold and gloomy pile that would point the way to a return of Spanish monarchy.

They already knew that Franco's much-publicized Referendum of 1947, in which the Spanish people voted in favor of a monarchy after Franco's departure, was a staged effort. They are also aware that 19-year-old Prince Juan Carlos, the son of Don Juan de Bourbon, the claimant to the throne and now studying in a military school at Zaragossa, is Franco's choice to fill a future throne.

This spring, for the first time, the Monarchists felt confident Franco had made his decision about his succession in their favor. A new cabinet had accompanied him to The Escorial. It had been in office less than two weeks and is the first new Spanish cabinet in almost six years. It is the third major cabinet change in Spain since World War Two, the last two being in 1945 and 1951, and only the fourth major shake-up of the team around him the Spanish dictator has made since he took power 18 years ago.

In the newest cabinet are several Monarchists, openly pledged to the return of a constitutional monarchy to Spain; but more important is the appearance at cabinet level of liberal leaders of the "Opus Dei" movement of Roman Catholic laymen, pledged to a rejuvenated Catholicism in Spain and to a renewed morality in government and business, preferably under a restored kingdom. There was even mention of "a Premier's office" and of the appointment of a so-called "Deputy Premier" in Franco's official statement for the Spanish press. Thus for the first time in his career as supreme ruler of Spain, General Franco gave plain indication that he was creating a cabinet, not only strongly reminiscent of those of the days of the Spanish kings, but if necessary, a cabinet which could guide Spain out of his *movimiento nacional* into its next political phase, without the shrewd leadership of the little Galician who has dominated Spain for nearly two decades.

Even more significant is that for the first time, Franco's cabinet changes were made primarily to satisfy domestic Spanish opinion and not to satisfy opinion abroad. In the decade since 1946, when the United Nations succeeded in having members' ambassadors withdrawn from Madrid, to the present, when Spain has not only gained UN membership but is the grand-style recipient of hundreds of millions of dollars in U.S. military and economic

aid, Franco's regime has gained surprising stature in the world.

In 1945, for example, Franco's appointment of capable Martin Artajo as Spanish Foreign Minister, was obviously done to try to end the bitter opposition to his regime which had arisen during the war among the younger generation in Catholic countries such as France and Italy, where so many of them had served in the underground and had seen many of their comrades tortured and executed by the German and Italian Fascist regimes which Franco had supported during the war. Artajo was not only a leading Spanish Catholic but a one-time head of the world-wide Pax Romana, well-travelled in prominent Roman Catholic areas of the world, including the Province of Quebec.

In 1945, Franco knew his regime was closer to being toppled than it had been during the Spanish Civil War. When he threw out a basically pro-Axis cabinet at the war's end, Franco was playing strictly to world opinion. In 1951, at the time of the second major postwar Spanish cabinet shake-up, Franco's state, left out of Marshall aid, boycotted by the UN, impoverished by the loss of traditional export markets, found itself holding a strategic card. This was Spain's strong defensive geographical position in Europe in the event of a successful major Soviet attack against Western Europe. In the Spanish Peninsula, a Western alliance could hold off an initial Soviet invasion until its sea and air forces had been recouped. Spain's mountainous terrain offered the same prospects for a slow ground war as in Korea that year, in spite of the modern ground and air weapons.

To hold on in Spain meant building bases. In the summer of 1951, a few weeks before his death, U.S. Admiral Sherman came to Franco in Madrid, laid the groundwork for the present extensive U.S. bases program in Spain. The Spanish cabinet, always a reliable political chameleon under Franco, changed accordingly. Into it came more moderates. A typical change was the replacement of a state-planning Minister of Commerce by one who preferred the American attitude towards major industrial plant construction and production. Artajo, champion of lay Catholic opinion, was retained and the still-powerful Falange was placated by the retention of energetic, dominant José Antonio Girôn as Minister of Labor.

Where the 1945 cabinet changes reflected almost 100% Spanish concern with external pressures on the regime and the 1951 cabinet changes reflected concern over both external and internal pressures, the current

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

Each year the Spanish monarchists wait for a sign.

They know Franco's choice to fill a future throne.

Key figures in the new Spanish Cabinet are Martin Artajo (l.) a prominent Catholic lay leader and Fernando Maria Castiello, a monarchist.

Juan Carlos, 19-year-old son of the Pretender is Franco's carefully trained candidate for the throne. But Spain has always been unpredictable politically.

Dr. Selye with research assistant; entire staff is inspired by his superb energy and dedication.

Dr. Hans Selye

by Brian Cahill

EVERYBODY KNOWS that there are exceptions to that noble generalization of the U.S. Declaration of Independence which holds it to be "self-evident . . . that all men are created equal."

Men are obviously created unequal in such matters as inherited wealth and social position. And a Canadian scientist with an international reputation is now engaged in demonstrating that they are created unequal also in regard to an even more important heritage—the physical ability to deal with the stresses and strains of ordinary living.

Dr. Hans Selye, now 50 years of age and head of the Institute of Experimental Medicine and Surgery of the University of Montreal, has devoted most of his life to the development and defence of the revolutionary concept that most disease, perhaps all disease, stems from a common cause which he calls "Stress."

He has come recently to believe that in the body's reaction to stress, governed largely by inherited *physical* characteristics, lies the secret of longevity, good health and success in life.

Stress to most people means nervous strain or emotional tension. It means this to Selye also; but much more. He defines stress as "the rate of wear and tear caused by life."

Any activity, any emotion, from crossing a busy street to exposure to draft, to kissing a girl, is stress. Purpose of stress is to set the adrenal and other glands to spurting complicated, little-known hormone substances into the body to enable it to deal with the situation in an appropriate manner.

If the "stressor" is a charging lion, the hormone substances enable us to make the necessary physical and mental response—to either get out of there fast or to stand calmly and pick the beast off with a well-placed shot. Later, when the excitement is over, other hormone substances are released to enable the body to revert to normal activity.

The stressor may be a soft hand stroking our forehead. Hormonal changes enable us to deal with this situation also. We may drop into a restful slumber or become amorous—depending, obviously, on a variety of circumstances, all of which involve changes in our "hormonal adaptation mechanism."

Stress is part of life and by no means a bad thing in itself. But trouble comes when stress is unduly prolonged, or comes too often or is concentrated on one particular organ or part of the body. Then things are apt to get out of balance. The glands produce either too much of one hormone or not enough of another; the adaptation mechanism breaks down and any one of a long list of physical and mental ills may result. The length

of life itself, Selye believes, is determined by the inherited ability of the body to maintain the adaptation mechanism in balance. In his own words:

"Ageing is not determined by the time elapsed at birth but by the total amount of wear and tear to which the body has been exposed. It is as though, at birth, each person inherited a certain amount of physical adaptive energy, the magnitude of which is determined by his genetic background, his parents. He can draw upon this capital thriftily for a long, monotonous, uneventful existence or he can spend it lavishly in the course of a stressful, intense but perhaps more colorful and exciting life."

"Let me add," he says in an important qualification, "that the choice is not entirely ours. Even the optimum tempo at which we consume life is largely inherited from our predecessors."

This is strong meat for many people, not excluding many of Selye's fellow scientists who acknowledge his brillance as an endocrinologist and laboratory technician, but object to a great deal of the philosophical and sociological implications drawn by Selye and others from his work.

Most of us like to think, for instance, that we have, or once had, the potential to become Prime Minister of Canada, or a big business tycoon, or a great artist or scientist; only lack of opportunity or bad luck or our own culpable laziness kept us from scaling the heights. We like to think our sons and daughters have similar potential and we keep after them to work hard and make something of themselves.

Now it seems that we had little real control over what happened to us and we cannot do much about our children. If they are lucky enough to find the social environment, the job and life partners that will enable them to live at the pace nature has set for them, and if they are smart enough to realize their good fortune, they will be healthy and happy no matter what their wealth or social position.

Selye says: "What is in us must come out; otherwise we may explode at the wrong places or become hopelessly hemmed in by frustrations. The great art is to express our vitality through the particular channels and at the particular speed which nature foresaw for us."

If a man's store of adaptive energy is small and he is forced by life into a position where he must work hard and stressfully he will lead a short, unhappy life. And if he has a large store of adaptive energy but is tied to a small, monotonous job he will either "explode at the wrong places", that is, take to drink or crime or antisocial behavior of some kind or else become hopelessly frustrated and suffer a physical or mental breakdown.

In any case, the apportioning of praise or blame for the way a man performs in life would seem unjustified. The hard-working executive who succeeds in business does not really "drive himself" to the top. He may deserve some credit for channeling his energies into acceptable activities—but what was in him had to come

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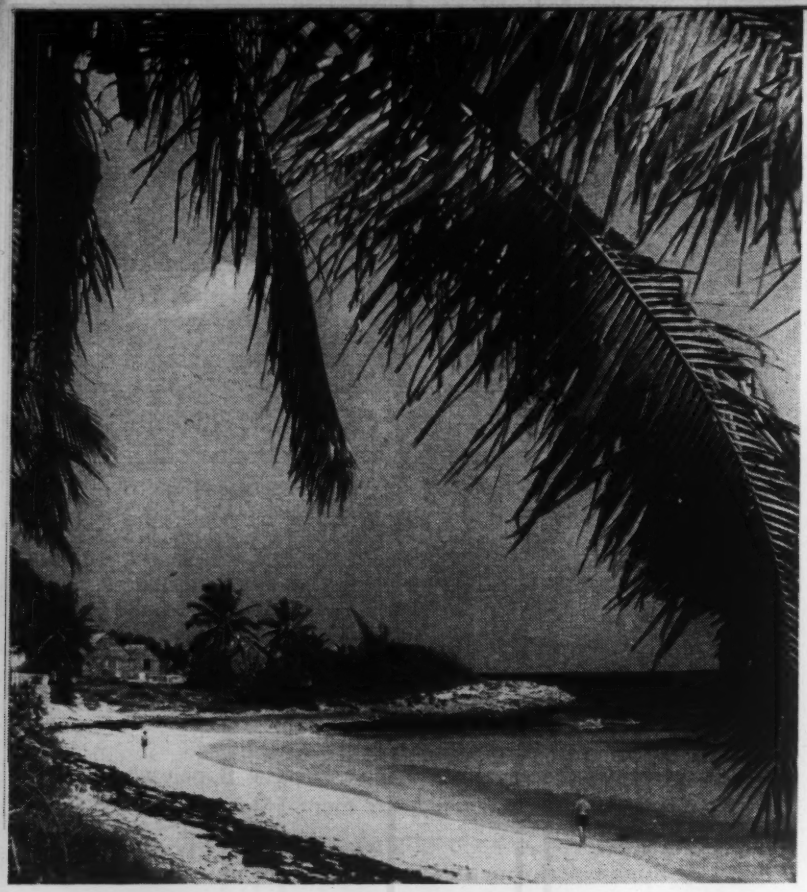
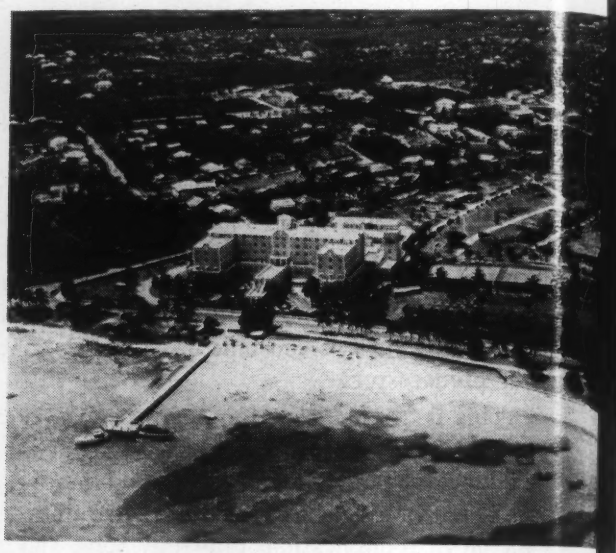
The Theory: Health and Success Depend on Inherited Ability to Adapt to Stress

Dr. Selye discusses medical ideas with a group of students at U. of Montreal.



The resort islands of the Bahamas away from Nassau have an allure of their own. This is Hope Town, Elbow Cay, Abaco.

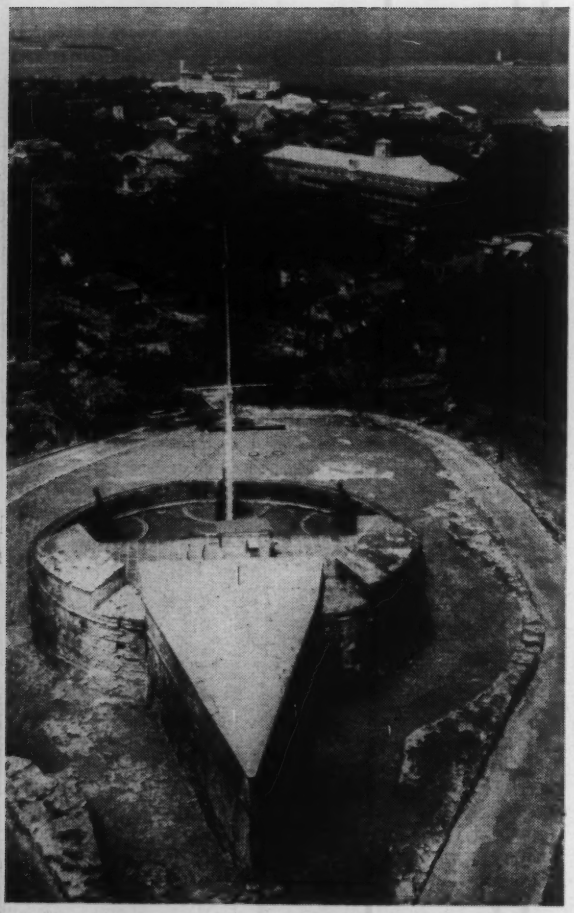


Excellent hotels enjoy fine beach locations. The Fort Montagu is a favorite meeting place.

NASSAU

by

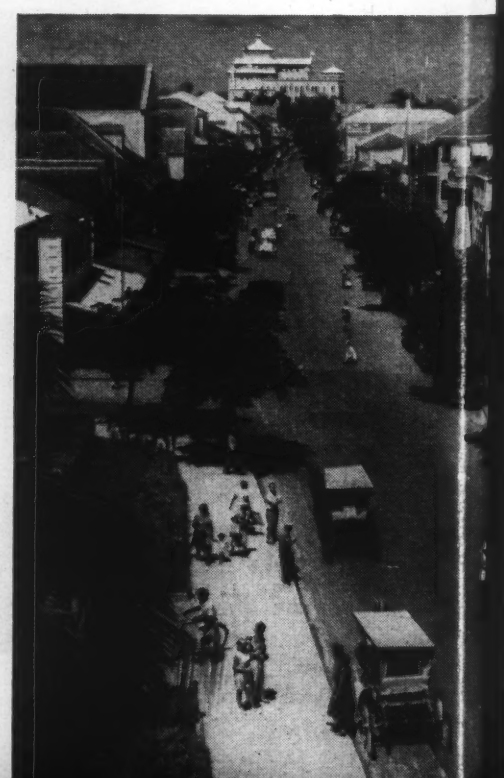
Harry Rasky



Above: Fishing is a top sport in the Caribbean. A visitor displays a prizewinning trophy just taken.

Left: A fort in the shape of a ship above Nassau gives visitors a panoramic view of the town.

Right: Bay Street's somnolent air is indicative of Bahamaian life. Smart shops line the whole street.



Famed Paradise Beach provides swimming, water skiing, boating.

Produce sold from the stalls of the straw market provides the most colorful souvenir items. Some can be tailored to order.

– Canadian Favorite

ANY RESIDENT of Nassau is certain to tell you that the first tourist to visit the group of islands known as the Bahamas was Christopher Columbus. Despite the fact that explorer was not known for great accuracy — he was sure he had landed in India — his report some 460 years ago, as any Canadian tourist there today will verify, was substantially correct. He wrote to the kings of Spain: "The inhabitants are by nature liberal, simple and kind and the beauty of these islands surpasses that of any other land as much as the day surpasses the night in splendour."

Columbus had landed on an obscure chunk of beach and palm trees known as San Salvador. But his observation would hold true of any of the group's 700 islands, the centre of which is Nassau.

The natives, although not descended from the ones with whom Columbus chatted, are as gentle as an afternoon siesta. A mixture of natural good humor about life and simple honesty along with a great love of music makes them perfect hosts. They live to be a hundred odd years old and they've never heard of ulcers.

"The beauty of these islands" was not exaggerated, either. The beaches padded with beige-white sand are long and clean. And the waters around them are warm and clear. The tropical vegetation bursts purple and orange and green all about.

Nassau has become handy. A direct TCA flight gets you

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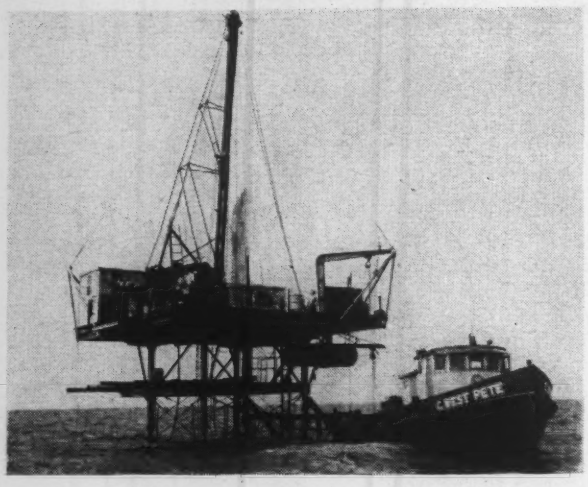
Sunshine does not deter Canadians from golf and the Bahamas provide many tricky courses.

A ride in a horse-drawn carriage is relaxing.



Typical drilling rig developed in Canada will be copied in U.S.

Offshore drilling in Lake Erie has etched out what geologists believe to be a substantial underwater field

Ontario's Big Search For Underwater Gas

by David Grenier

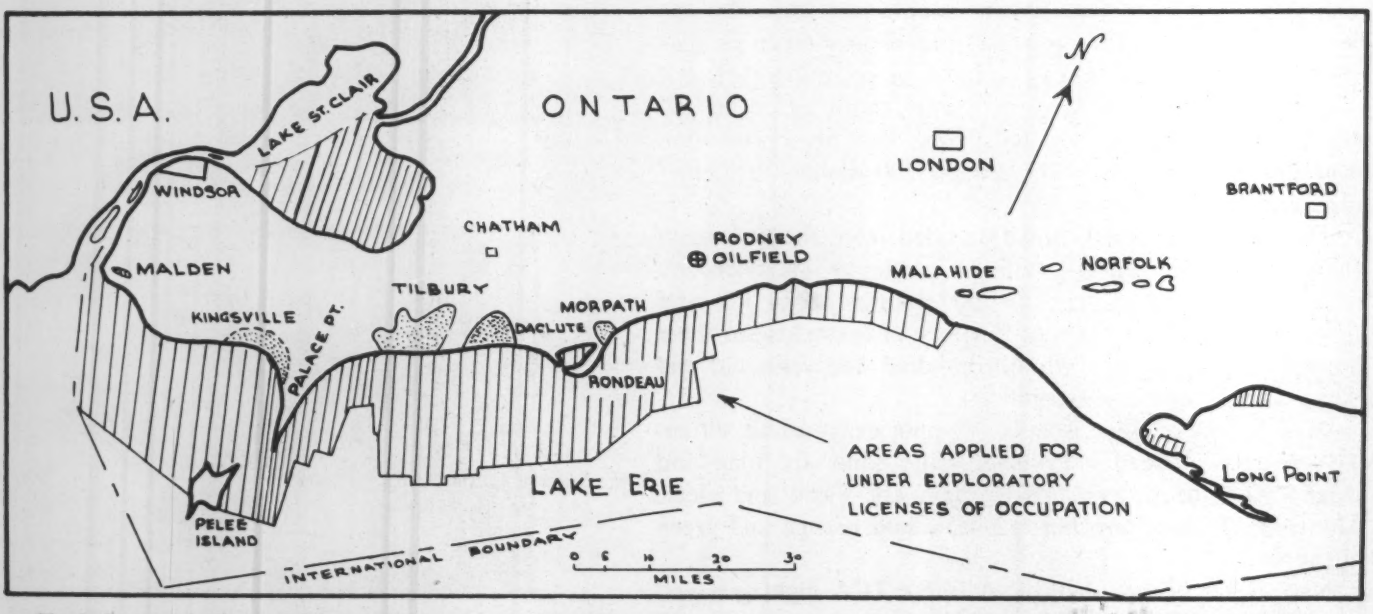
THE NEXT few weeks will see a handful of small man-made islands sprout in the waters of western Lake Erie. Dotted as far as four miles off the Ontario shore near Port Alma, each will be home for five men.

A small (22 feet by 28) platform above the reach of the waves will support their living quarters: a cabin equipped with hot and cold running water, gas stove and refrigerator. Towering above all else on the platform will be a tall cable-tool drilling rig.

These island bases are part of a unique Canadian venture — an exhaustive search for underwater natural gas. In its way, it is a local version of a worldwide hunt for offshore mineral riches, a hunt that's seen oilmen go offshore into the Gulf of Mexico, Lake Maracaibo and most recently the Persian Gulf.

To many Canadians it's a continual surprise to learn that natural gas isn't a monopoly of the West, that it has been found in marketable quantities in Ontario. Offshore drilling in Lake Erie has, in fact, etched out part of what geologists believe to be a substantial underwater gas field, lying some twelve hundred feet below the bed of the lake.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



Shaded areas indicate offshore drilling sparked by the unique quest for underwater natural gas in the Great Lakes.

Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

KEN HAD EMPTIED his money-box on to the table and was checking his hoard. "It's funny you've got no nickels or dimes," said his father, looking as he passed. "Only dollar bills, cents, and quarters."

The boy finished his counting and jotted down some figures before replying. "It's funnier than that!" he exclaimed. "When I write down the number of pennies, the number of dollar bills, and the number of quarters, one after the other from left to right in that order, I get the same figures as the total value." His father pondered this a moment. "Maybe I could figure it out if you tell me how many coins there are," he commented.

Ken grinned. "Too easy, Dad!" he said. "But there's an even number of them."

It made a real teaser for that wet afternoon. But how many coins did Ken have?

Thanks for the idea, to: G. Hull, Victoria, B.C.

Answer on Page 44. (47)

Chess

by D. M. LeDain

VASSILI SMYSLOV, challenger for the world title, is always alert for sharp tactical possibilities. In the Alekhine Memorial international tourney at Moscow he surprised one of his opponents with a block-buster that netted the "exchange".

White: L. Uhlmann (E. Germany), Black: V. Smyslov (USSR)

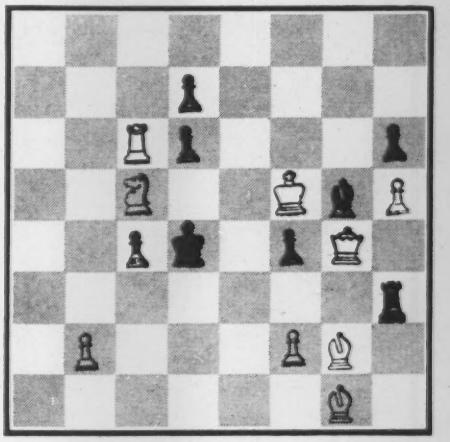
1.P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 2. P-QB4, P-K3; 3.Kt-KB3, P-QKt3; 4.P-KKt3, B-R3; 5.P-Kt3, P-Q4; 6.B-KKt2, B-Kt5ch; 7.KKt-Q2? P-B4; 8.QPxP, KBxP; 9.B-Kt2, Castles; 10.Castles, Kt-B3; 11.Kt-B3, R-B1; 12.PxP, PxP; 13.Kt-R4? Kt-Q5! 14.Kt-QB3 (if KtxB, BxKP, and BxR etc.), Q-K2; 15.R-K1, Kt-B7!! 16.R-KB1 (if QxKt, BxBPch; 17.KxB, Kt-Kt5ch; 18.K-Kt1, Q-K6ch; 19.K-R1, Kt-B7ch; 20.K-Ktl, Kt-R6 dbl. ch.; 21.K-R1, Q-Kt8ch; 22.RxQ, Kt-B7 mate. Philidor's Legacy Mate), KtxR; 17.QxKt, KR-Q1; 18.Kt-B3, B-R6; 19. Resigns.

Solution of Problem No. 164 (Loyd).

Key-move, 1.Q-Kt1.

Problem No. 165, by B. G. Laws.

White mates in two. (9 + 8)



Daisy, Daisy - - - - -

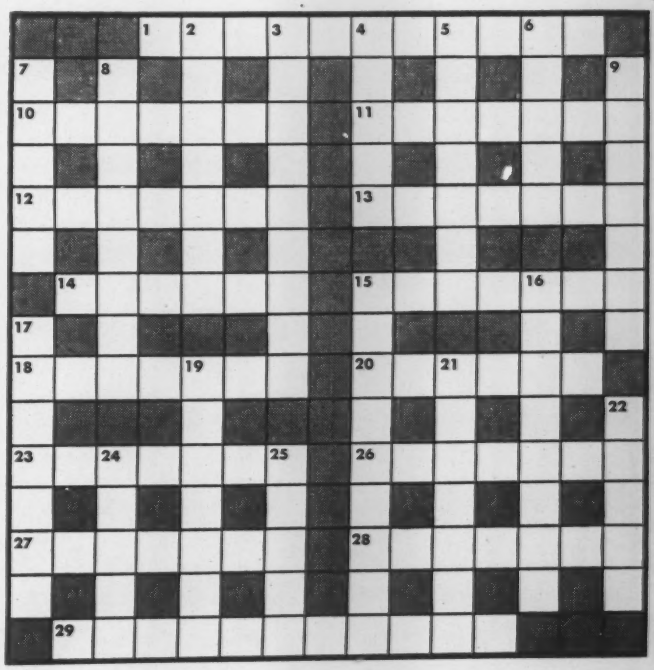
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1 Where's Bertha coming from in such short pants? (3, 2, 6)
10, 9. Telephone operator getting hot under the collar? (7, 7)
11 Merely hard stuff to put in drinks. Should be weighed carefully. (7)
12 In this place it's late about five to four. (3, 4)
13 The piano for the Hon. gentleman, no doubt. (7)
14 To be corposant he must take fire, my good man. (2, 4)
15 Pinza, for instance, had no backing from the woodwind section. (7)
18 When the sun's red, change, and keep cool. (7)
20 Takes it easy, yet pants. (6)
23 It's suitable to keep these at arm's length. (7)
26 For instance, one's former mate was more than enough! (7)
27 Bloodhound on wheels? (7)
28 "You skunk"! "You louse"! for 26. (7)
29 Male attire suitable only at the beginning of dinner? (4, 3, 4)

DOWN

2 One French bolero maker who had to undo the threads. (7)
3 Unaware it may start to boil over at six? That's nothing to us! (9)
4 It's a gem of a job I journey in. (5)
5 This leaves no doubt nurse is turning in two directions. (7)
6 Seething? Look out! (5)
7 "This is my own, my native land" was Scotland to him. (5)
8 Just the opposite of 1, and I felt quite different. (8)
9 See 10
15 One result of chiselling college graduates on the dole. (3-6)
16 O.K.! Have a heart and take the fruit with the very soft centre. (3-5)
17 Natural displays shown by many a P.M.? (7)
19 Enclose a rewritten novel inside. (7)
21 Collects a lot of fools by morning. (7)
22 It would be foolish to give it less. (5)
24 She was of an age, perhaps, to muse on love. (5)
25 She's alluring, but what a voice! (5)



Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS

1 Wheelwright
9 Hotbeds
10 Chaffer
11 Comical
14 Undress
15 Eat
16 Overt
17 Bare
19 Mien
20 Blade
22 Put
24 Frights
25 Berserk
26 Haldane
27 Tuneful
30 Wheelwright

DOWN

1 Wit
2 Ewe
3 La Salle
4 Racquet
5 Guards
6 Toffee apple
7, 13. The cream of the crop
8 Dressed to kill
12 Mother-in-law
13 See 7
18 Wear
20 Boswell
21 Arbiter
23 Phrase
28 Nag
29 Fit (414)

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES present you with scenes of unexcelled grandeur as far as your eye can reach. And on the Banff-Lake Louise Route, [illegible]vel th

KNOW CANADA BETTER! Travel and see it[illegible]

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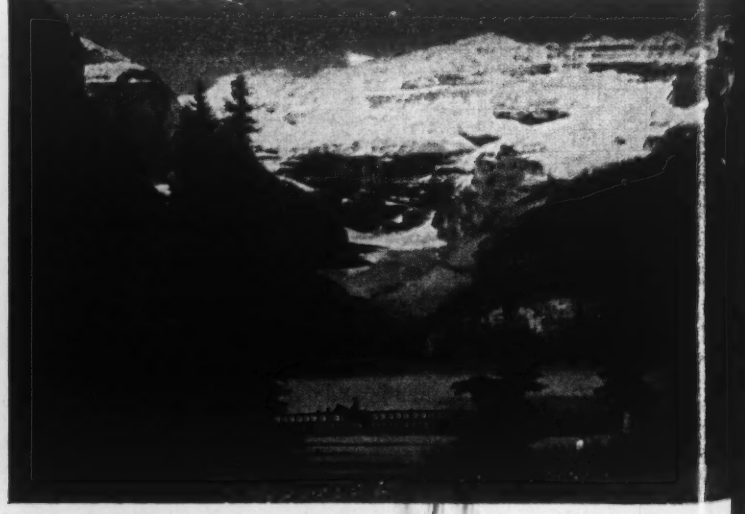

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◆ ◆ ◆

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Gold & Dross

Agriculture is still basic—A speculation for the business man—Nickel prices and production costs—A metallurgical problem.

Cockshutt

Cockshutt Farm Equipment seems to be an excellent buy at around $8 a share. The company has more than adequate reserves. Last year it netted around 60 cents a share and I understand farm machinery is once again coming into demand. I think the stock will more than double in the next year regardless of what happens to the rest of the market. Do you agree? — D. H., Brantford, Ont.

Stocks sell in competition with each other and it is difficult to see what set of conditions would enable Cockshutt to move against an adverse trend to the extent you mention. This, of course, does not deny the attractions of the situation.

Agriculture is basic to our economy and agricultural-implement makers can be expected to prosper although, like most capital goods, implements experience extremes of demand. The industry continues to introduce new lines to stimulate sales.

By "adequate" reserves is presumably meant working capital, which consisted at Oct. 31, 1956 of current assets of $35 millions versus current assets of $11 millions. Funded debt was $9 million and less than two million shares of stock were outstanding. Inventory rose $5.5 million in 1956. Dividends are being deferred for the time being.

Quemont

I purchased Quemont at $26 and it has declined substantially. Would you consider it advisable to purchase more stock to establish a lower cost? — C. G., Welland, Ont.

Averaging down is not to be recommended as a matter of principle, although you might consider buying more Quemont now, depending on your investment program.

Quemont ranks as a business man's or calculated-risk speculation and on this basis is not unattractive. The company is a casualty of lower copper prices, which will reduce its profits. The ore has an important gold content and there is sufficient tonnage in sight to support the operation for many years. And something has to be allowed for the possibility of a repetition of ore findings on a property which has already distinguished itself by the rich and lively character of its development.

Working capital is of proportions which enable distribution of the bulk of earnings as dividends. Total of $2 a share was paid in 1956 versus net profits of $1.75 a share, which compared with $2.32 a share in 1955.

The buyer at current levels should be able to anticipate a favorable yield with a chance that some appreciation may be enjoyed as a result of mining developments within the enterprise and also as a result of a copper-market recovery, although the prospect of the latter does not appear to be strong.

Alberta Gas Trunk

Your opinion as to the prospects of Alberta Gas Trunk Line shares for both the short and the longer term would be appreciated. — H. G., Calgary.

Alberta Gas Trunk Line is a company in which is vested a project for constructing a gathering system from the gas fields to the Trans-Canada gas line to Eastern Canada. The stock advanced from $5.25 a share issue price to $12.50 in short order, repeating the market performance of other pipe line issues.

The short term outlook for the stock can best be discussed with a crystal gazer. It is, however, not without attractions for the longer term and the company's earnings should eventually be of the proportions which the market for the stock is now capitalizing several years in advance. This is a speculation for those who will stay with it.

Nickel Rim

What is your opinion of Nickel Rim Mines as a growth stock? — W. G., Sydney, N.S.

The future of Nickel Rim Mines and any other minor producers of nickel depends on the market for nickel in relation to production costs. There seems to be a scarcity of authoritative opinion as to the future supply-demand picture of this metal, the free-world supply of which is dominated by International Nickel. The latter will have more metal to sell in a

few years from its $175 million development in Northern Manitoba.

In the meantime, Nickel Rim is making profitable sales of nickel, having got as high as $2.50 a pound for 100,000 pounds and having arranged the sale of further metal at $2. It mines a property in the Sudbury district and ships some concentrates for refining to the Sherritt Gordon plant at Fort Saskatchewan, Alta. Other concentrates are being treated at Falconbridge.

Nickel Rim proposes to apply its profits towards building a smelter and this would improve its competitive position.

Coulee Lead

I bought 2,000 shares of Coulee Lead at $1.80. The future of the mine depends, I believe, on the use of columbium by industry. What is your opinion of this investment? Shall I hold it or sell and take my loss? — S. O., Oshawa.

Exploration at Columbium Mining Products, jointly owned by Coulee Lead and Headway Red Lake, indicated a substantial tonnage of columbium pentoxide. The enterprise is to be brought to a pilot-plant stage for the manufacture of a high-purity chemical product.

Until the industry has overcome its metallurgical and marketing problems, commercial production of columbium can best be discussed in terms of hope. Shares in columbium-exploration projects can scarcely be designated as an investment; they are a rank speculation and belong only in the portfolio of those who can take a maximum amount of risk.

Hindsight is always easier than foresight but perhaps your unfortunate experience with Coulee will emphasize the wisdom of not buying stocks just because they are popular.

Investment Clubs

Do you recommend that a person join an investment club? How do they operate? — L. J., Winnipeg.

Investment clubs are relatively new but have flourished, partly because they are a product of a bull-market era. It is only to be expected that there will be some reduction in their numbers as a result of declines in value of holdings but a consolidation of members should strengthen the move in the direction of investment knowledge.

The clubs enjoy the endorsation of the financial community because they provide a means of mobilizing the capital of the man on the street — the last untapped source of money with which to finance an expanding economy. The rich and their estates formerly comprised an almost exclusive source of capital for industry but taxation has put a crimp in their investing power. Hundreds of thousands of wage and salary earners are sav-

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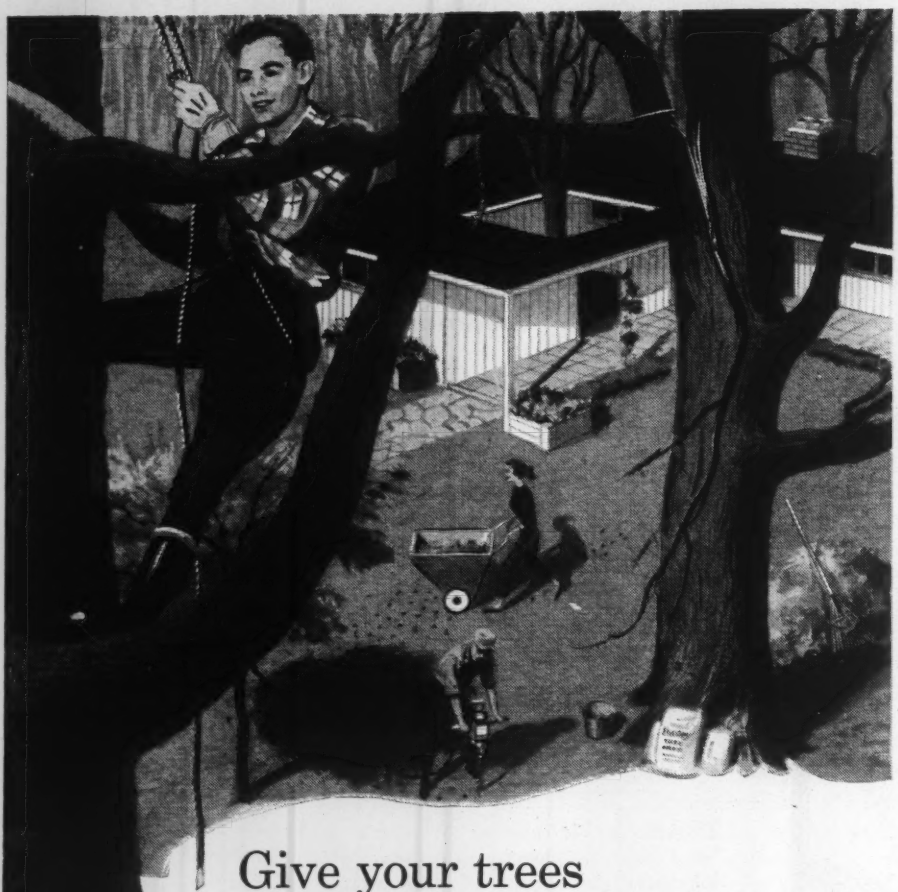

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ing money but do not make it available to industry because of their ignorance of the mechanics of investing. The investment club aims to bring the money out from under the mattress and marshall it for productive use.

In operation, members of a club put in equal amounts periodically and invest it according to decisions made by members meeting together. Here is democracy in action. The one obstacle to success — and it is a minor one — is that an individual club will have too many "joiners" and not enough people sufficiently interested in its objectives to undertake the study and discussion necessary to realizing them.

Future Railway

Is there any possibility of the government building a railway line to the fabulous lead and zinc deposits on Great Slave Lake, which Cons. Smelters controls? — M. W., Montreal.

The railway project has an excellent chance of going through, but not in the immediate future, for two reasons. First, Smelters has oodles of ore to mine out in British Columbia. Second, construction of a railway at this time would create competition for men and materials more urgently needed for other developments.

Great West Life

I hold shares of Great West Life of Winnipeg currently quoted around $300 *a share but it pays only* 1% *on its market valuation. It has, however, shown substantial appreciation in the past few years. Would you comment on this type of stock as an investment? — M. A., Winnipeg.*

Hartford, Conn. is the insurance capital of the U.S. and its citizens have feathered their nests for their old age by buying life insurance stocks. The prospective increase in market value of these shares was so well assured that the parents of a Hartford child used to buy one share of life insurance stock on his birth in order to provide for a college education. The life insurance industry is growing and we'd suggest staying with Great West if you don't need the cash.

Quebec Manitou

I have a considerable number of shares of Quebec Manitou Mines for which I paid $3.25 *per share some years ago. I note these shares are now selling for* 60 *cents and I am considering evening up by purchasing at this price. Your opinion would be greatly appreciated.—D. M., Calgary.*

There seems to be an irresistible fascination about averaging down a stock's cost but the real decision the holder has to make is whether he should retain what has turned out to be a loser or salvage

what he can. There is nothing about Quebec Manitou to distinguish it from mill-run mining speculations with the possible exception of its association with a very aggressive and successful mining group. The chance that the company, which is largely a holding organization, might become the vehicle for some interesting property presented to the group is worth consideration.

Atlas Steels

How are Atlas Steels earnings holding up? — W. M., Ottawa.

Reflecting a 50% increase in sales, net profits of Atlas Steels more than doubled in 1956 to $4 million from $2 million in 1955. Both sales and profits of this specialty steel maker represented new records.

Increased demand followed the expansion in Canada's economy and improved conditions in export markets. Upwards of 650 new customers were added while new uses for standard tool and specialty fields and new and improved steels were developed.

Inventory valuations were held to a 22% increase as a result of more efficient controls and inventory turnover was 18% greater than the previous year.

Atlas spent $2,713,217 on fixed assets in 1956. Chief items were improved and extra capacity in the stainless-steel strip mill, auxiliary equipment throughout the plant and conversion of oil-fired furnaces to natural gas. This year's program calls for $4 million spending on fixed assets, including a new stainless-steel administrative building, additional manufacturing buildings, a new warehouse at Montreal and an addition to the Hamilton warehouse.

New products developed include an exclusive tool steel for special aviation needs and two high carbons with different combinations of wear resistance. A low-carbon variety molybdenum high-speed steel was perfected. And for die casting the company made a new chromium-molybdenum, high vanadium, hot-die steel. Projects nearing completion include improved hollow-drill steel for mining, moulds for centrifugal cast pipe, free-machining steels and other specialty steels.

Powell River

I would like you to give me some information about Powell River Co. in which I own stock, which has declined $20 a share. I cannot understand the drop in view of the company's dividend record. Should I hold on to the stock? — W. J., Vancouver.

The market action of paper stocks reflects the increase of the industry's capacity, which has apparently overtaken demand. The industry is, however, essential to the modern way of life, which con-

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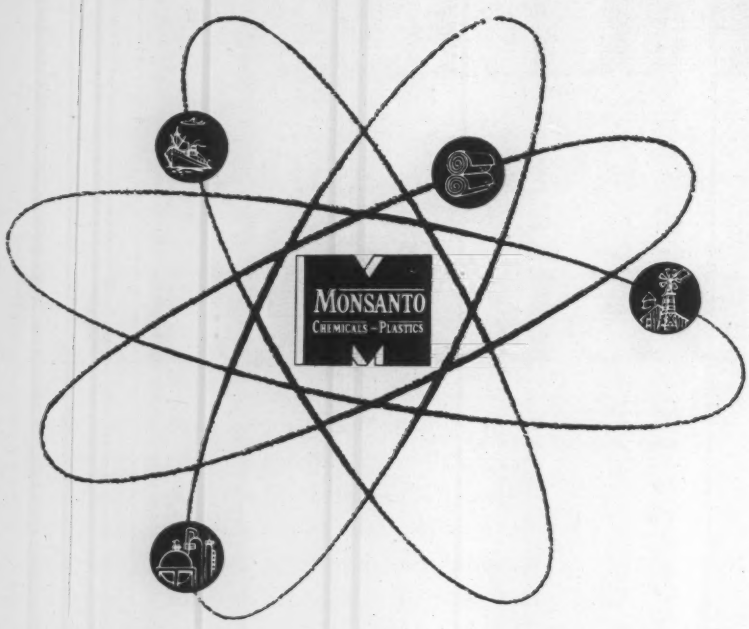

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sumes huge quantities of paper for communications and records, and the long-term outlook for it is favorable. The private investor had no chance to anticipate the decline in paper stocks and indeed is probably better advised as a matter of policy not to trade, but to retain stocks of basic industries. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the investor hasn't a good chance of being right on the market swings 51% of the time; but he has extremely bright prospects for spending his old age in Florida if he buys and retains a chunk of the country's resources and economy.

Preserving Capital

Would you recommend a switch from a holding of Bell Telephone, representing a value of $17,000 *and paying* $828 *a year, to Loblaw or Dominion Stores? It is important that the original principal amount not be lessened. — S.O., St. Marys.*

The Bell Telephone should be retained in preference to either of the other two issues, although this does not deny their growth possibilities. Bell Telephone earns the preference because of the stable nature of its shareholder following.

In Brief

Is it reasonable to expect International Petroleum to go higher?—T. G., Sarnia.

While it is not possible to predict what value the market will put on Int. Pete, the company has a very expansive future and it would not be surprising if this reflected in advancing prices.

Any activity at Copper-Man Mines?—C.V., Barrie.

Copper-Man suspended drilling at Herb Lake after getting scattered indications of copper and zinc and is sitting on its treasury pending other developments in the area.

What is the status of Miller Copper Mines?—W.C., Goderich.

Miller is drilling ground adjoining Noranda's Gaspé copper mine and has so far indicated only a slight tonnage of low grade copper over a great width.

How is New Fortune doing?—R.R., Kingston.

It hopes to try its luck on another property following a lack of fortune on its Honduras option.

What is the position of Quebec Labrador? — S. E., Hamilton.

It has shifted its iron search from the far north to the Sioux Lookout section of Ontario.

What is the status of Black Bear Mining Co. Ltd.? — L. S., Vancouver.

It has been hibernating for 16 years.

Books

by Robertson Davies

One of the Necessities

Sir Kenneth Clark: Free of cant.

"No nude, however abstract, should fail to arouse in the spectator some vestige of erotic feeling, even though but a shadow—if it does not it is bad art and false morals."

"ART IS ONE of the necessities of life; but even the critics themselves would probably not assert that criticism is anything more than an agreeable luxury—something like printed talk." The voice is the voice of Henry James, and the sentence quoted is from the conclusion of a short piece which he wrote about the great wrangle between Ruskin and Whistler.

James professes to have a warm admiration for Ruskin, but there is plenty of evidence that he wearied of the portentous judgments of the Master, and sometimes regarded him as an intrusive literary man, seeking to capture in words what is better done with brush and pencil.

"One may read a great many pages of Mr. Ruskin without getting a hint of this delightful truth: a hint of the not unimportant fact that art, after all, is made for us, and not we for art. This idea of the value of a work of art being the amount of entertainment it yields is conspicuous by its absence". These were hard words for a man of thirty-five to direct against the great Panjandrum of British art criticism. But James, while not a particularly exciting critic, was not afraid to say what he thought; he dared even to say—writing of an exhibition of the Impressionists in 1876—"the effect of it was to make me think better than ever of all the good old rules which decree that beauty is beauty and ugliness ugliness, and warns us off the sophistications of satiety". And the curious thing about this last-quoted judgment is that it has about it quite the ring of Sir Kenneth Clark, whose large book, *The Nude,* I have been reading with the keenest interest.

Let us first finish with James, however. His criticisms of pictures have been gathered into a pleasant book called *The Painter's Eye,* edited by John L. Sweeney. They will please those who will never be content until they have read, and fletcherized, every word that James ever wrote. Others, like myself, will be glad to read how certain famous but now outmoded pictures (*The Blind Girl,* by Millais, *Milton Dictating To His Daughters,* by Johnson, Whistler's *Portrait of My Mother, The Annunciation,* by Burne-Jones, *The Death of Sardanapalus,* by Delacroix) impressed a sensitive critic when they were the latest thing. James' good sense never seems to have failed him, and it is high praise to say that he wrote of pictures at a very sticky period in the history of painting, but not a single one of his judgments seems today to be merely fashionable. He was not a great critic of painting, but he was a remarkably level-headed one. And, of course, his greatness lay in a very different technique of representation.

Sir Kenneth Clark has claims to be regarded as a great critic, and as we read this expansion of the Mellon Lectures which he gave in Washington in 1953, we see very plainly why. Breadth of sympathy is balanced by minute scholarship, and decided preferences are controlled by tolerance; judgments are expressed firmly, but with modesty, and at all times Sir Kenneth remembers what Ruskin forgot—that art is made for us and not we for art. What is more, he writes in a good prose style which is, for an art critic, nothing short of a miracle—for a group of fellows more inclined, as a general thing, to hang themselves in their own rhetorical garters, never set pen to paper. *The Nude, A Study In Ideal Form,* is in every respect a remarkable book.

It is refreshingly free of cant. Sir Kenneth makes short work of the notion that a picture of a naked woman is not indeed a picture of a naked woman, and that anyone who thinks it is so is an unrefined beast.

"No nude, however abstract, should fail to arouse in the spectator some vestige of erotic feeling, even though it be only the faintest shadow—and if it does not do so it is bad art and false morals", says he. And, later, he presses home the point: commenting on the widely-touted notion that a nude model is simply a form or an arrangement of planes to the artist who paints her, he says, "does this not involve a certain callosity or dimness of response? To scrutinize a naked girl as if she were a loaf of bread or a piece of rustic pottery is surely to exclude one of the human emotions of which a work of art is composed; and as a matter of history, the Victorian moralists who alleged that painting the nude usually ended in fornication were not far from the mark. In some ways nature can always triumph over art".

On the other hand, though a nude may arouse erotic feeling, that is only one of its properties; awe, pity, exaltation and ecstasy may also be expressed through the nude figure as through no other subject possible to painting or sculpture. It is, furthermore, the one mode by means of which artists have been able to give form to the Ideal; nowhere is this more clearly shown than in the innumerable paintings, good and bad, of the Crucifixion; a clothed Christ on the Cross is unthinkable, not for historical reasons,

Giorgione, "Venus": One of the many illustrations from Sir Kenneth Clark's "The Nude".

but because the supreme sacrifice of the Son of God is made trivial by draperies.

For the same reason a clothed Venus is hardly a Venus at all; the Ideal Beloved must be shown in the form which centuries of artistic trial and error have shown to be evocative of the highest sensations of awe, admiration and desire.

A full discussion of this brilliant book would require more space than this article affords, and I must be content to mention some of the problems it discusses and clarifies. What it has to say about the medieval approach to the nude through the Gothic concept of art reveals, to me at least, beauty in scores of paintings which had formerly seemed inexplicably ugly and inept. Equally interesting is the change from the tradition of idealizing *the nude*—using the human form as a starting point for a creation dedicated to beauty—to the comparatively modern tradition of commenting upon *the naked*—as in Roualt's and Picasso's pictures of prostitutes.

The nude is an artistic form which was once of supreme value; our age has not yet found a valid means of restoring that value by painting beauty, and seeks its own expression through wry comment and distortion.

This is an odd aspect of recent art history, but Sir Kenneth does not explore it. Indeed, what he does not say in this study provides a table of contents for another big book. All that large field which is explored in Anton Ehrenzweig's *The Psycho-Analysis of Artistic Vision and Hearing,* for instance, is untouched. And just as well, too, for it is the uncluttered quality of Sir Kenneth's book—the adherence to a straight and important line of argument, which gives it special value. This is a work which ought to be in every library in Canada; perhaps, after twenty-five years or so, it might silence the recurrent hubbub about nude paintings which is a feature of our national life.

Marcel Duchamp
"Nude Descending a Staircase"

Yes, they are erotic. Yes, madam, the painters are often naughty men, and the models are sometimes bad girls. But there are elements involved in the painting of the nude which draw upon what is highest in art and express what is highest in mankind. Now, may we please look at the pictures?

Unfortunately I have only a few lines in which to recommend Sir Geoffrey Keynes' splendid *The Letters of William Blake,* which appears in this, the second centennial of Blake's birth. Like everything about him there is an extraordinary freshness blowing through Blake's letters, and some of the rushing movement which characterizes his drawings. Here we have his troubles with his patron, William Hayley, his odd notes about bills owing and bills paid, and his curious trouble with a soldier who accused him of sedition—principally because Blake ordered the soldier out of his garden. A strange, testy, mystical, simple and glorious creature, Blake, and everything which concerns him is of interest.

The Painter's Eye, by Henry James, edited by John L. Sweeney—pp. 261, with indexes and a frontispiece—*British Books—$4.25.*

The Nude, a Study in Ideal Form, by Kenneth Clark—pp. 414, with notes and indexes, and innumerable monochrome illustrations — *McClelland & Stewart — $8.25.*

The Letters of William Blake, edited by Geoffrey Keynes — pp. 253 and index — *British Books—$10.00.*

A Dreary Rattle?

The Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, by Robert Halsband—pp. 292—index and illustrations — *Oxford University Press — $4.50.*

ONE OF THE CURIOUS affairs of the eighteenth century was the relationship of Alexander Pope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. If you are a partisan of Pope, then you are bound to agree with Dame Edith Sitwell that Lady Mary was a "dreary rattle", and Robert Halsband's biography of the lady is not for you. But if you can take a little less violent view, then Mr. Halsband's book will reward you by being much more than an intimate and revealing portrait of a brilliant and unusual woman. He has, in effect, written a piece of social history, and in so doing he has proved beyond cavil that the Age of Enlightenment was just as savage, as, and no more reasonable than, any other age.

Lady Mary was in essence a feminist. Intelligent, witty, learned, wealthy, handsome, she espoused causes both literary, political, financial and medical. Mr. Halsband treats her lovingly, but he is too honest a scholar to birk the facts. When he cannot bring himself to condemn, he does not conceal, but presents the evidence fairly. As a result, he has written a vital and enlightening biography.

F.A.R.

Her Own Apple

First Poems—by Minou Drouet, translated by Margaret Crosland—pp.79—*Hamish Hamilton—$3.00.*

IN AN ATTEMPT to determine whether this nine-year-old child-poet is a genius or an impostor, self-appointed authorities have examined her writing, placed her in isolation for test performances, separated her

Minou Drouet

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

for periods from her foster-mother who appears to be a French counterpart of the North American "dancing mother" or "skating mother".

An unbiased examination of the poetry and letters of this precocious child should soon resolve all doubts. While much of this *is* poetry, no adult could so unreservedly, so nakedly express the completely felt, undefined world of adolescence. Minou's is a world of correspondences in which a narrow range of sometimes fantastic, always simple images reflect a small girl's deepest desires: her self-dramatization of the almost sexual love which she feels for adults whom she admires, and her certainty that the outside world which so delights her senses is wholly her apple.

M.A.H.

Sweaty Prose

Mamba, by Stuart Cloete—pp. 232—*Collins—$3.75.*

THIS IS a lively and entertaining tale for those who like their light fiction highly spiced. The scene is the Congo; a sadistic practical joker brings a beautiful English wife to his farm, where the narrator of the story meets her, and a triangle quickly ensues. The farmer revenges himself by putting a dead mamba—a snake whose bite is fatal—in his wife's room; the mamba's mate seeks the corpse and kills the wife. The narrator thereupon arranges to shoot the husband while on a hunt, and as the ants destroy the body, there is no evidence of murder. The narrator is left, emptied of life and contemplating suicide.

This is all related in the sweaty, sexy prose which many authors consider obligatory in African stories, and the dedication, highly revealing to the experienced eye, is "To Man's Dream of the fair unknown woman". Boloney—but good and smartly sliced.

B.E.N.

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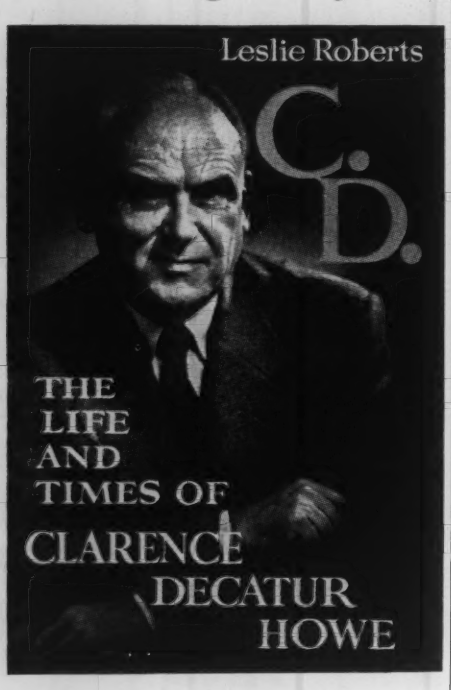

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Caught Flat-Footed

Say, Darling, by Richard Bissell—pp. 308 *Little, Brown & Co.—$4.50.*

RICHARD BISSELL wrote a novel called 7½ *Cents,* which was taken up by the Book-of-the-Month Club, and later made into the successful musical show, *The Pyjama Game.* Now Mr. Bissell has written *Say, Darling,* which is about a man who writes a novel which is taken up by a book-club, and made into a successful musical. This sort of flat-footed autobiography can be embarrassing, and Mr. Bissell does not avoid that danger. However, the book is entertaining, and occasionally funny, if you are amused by literal transcriptions of the conversations of emotionally exacerbated people.

If the miseries and lunacies of show people amuse you, this will be to your taste.

S.M.

Comedy of Sex

Albertine in the Lions' Den—by Nicole, translated by Ruth Fermaud—p.p 177—*Random House—$3.50.*

ALBERTINE is a soft, beautiful lump of French provincial clay longing to be shaped by expert Parisian hands. When her indulgent and incredibly generous husband gives her a sabbatical year from their marriage for just this purpose, Albertine finds that all the freedom in the world cannot guarantee freedom from boredom. The lions' den is a fashionable group of virtuosi in the mechanics of all varieties of love, the more perverted among them lending an air of great respectability to the merely adulterous.

Charged with droll humor and cynical wit, this mock-heroic tale of sexual love will certainly amuse all who include sex in the human comedy.

M.A.H.

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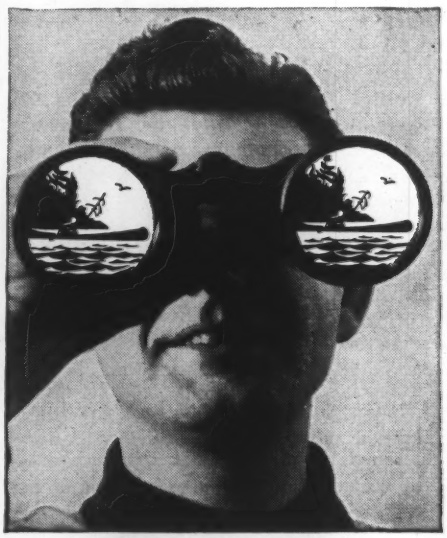

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James Stewart: Chats with a passenger horse-fly.

Films

by Mary Lowrey Ross

Flight Theme with Variations

THE PRODUCERS of *The Spirit of St. Louis* have taken the Lindbergh story and spread over most of its surface a tanglefoot coating of sentiment, romance, comedy, popular mechanics and a sprinkling of piety. They have also taken Charles Lindbergh himself, and turned that remote and rather enigmatic figure into an uncomplicated American boy. Yet it is still a wonderful picture to watch. Apparently the Lindbergh story is indestructible.

It is easy enough to identify the inventions of the script-writers here. There is the comic suspenders salesman who doesn't believe in flight. There is an unknown newspaper girl to provide a hint of romance. For diversion during the flight there is a horse-fly that goes along in the cockpit. There is also the St. Christopher medal that turns up miraculously on cue, when it becomes clear that only supernatural aid can get the hero safely down in Le Bourget. There are any number of devices, and though they add nothing to the Lindbergh story they do surprisingly little to diminish it. The flight itself dominates the story, together with the extraordinary way that it seized on the imagination of two hemispheres. In its own fashion, it stirred up almost as strange an excitement as a rocket trip to the moon might create today; for between the take-off in Roosevelt Field and the landing in Le Bourget the world discovered a wide new horizon in terms of both flight and the human spirit. It makes a fine theme for a picture and *The Spirit of St. Louis* sustains it faithfully, even if the variations on the theme occasionally go off-key.

The difficulties faced by the writers were fairly formidable. They had to strike an acceptable balance between the documentary and the biographical, while getting their man off the ground. Then, when the plane was launched they must present a hero held practically inactive in a tiny cockpit for thirty-two hours. The early part of the film is devoted to the project as it develops in the minds of Lindbergh and his backers, and to the plans for the plane itself as it gradually evolves from blue-print, to actuality, to flight. All this is fairly absorbing stuff, and once the plane is in flight and Lindbergh (James Stewart) immovably installed in the cockpit the picture makes use of a series of flashbacks, describing the flyer's early adventures, barn-storming, instructing, flying mail, parachuting in aerial circuses. There are some fine stirring sequences here, but there are less successful moments when the flyer chats with his passenger horse-fly, barks orders at himself, and issues a continuous stream of private communiques, instructions and pep-talks.

It is a little hard to associate all this garrulity with the self-contained and uncommunicative Lindbergh, but the situation obviously demanded very special treatment. The audience must be kept at the highest pitch of suspense over a man whose chief problem was to keep himself from falling asleep. On the whole, the suspense is well sustained, even if the characterization has to suffer. In fairness to Star Stewart, it must be added that when the sound-track quiets down he is easily able to convey those other characteristics that have become part of the Lindbergh legend — the doggedness, the high technical authority, the scrupulous attention to small risks, and the almost mystical disregard of the great ones.

Funny Face presents Fred Astaire, Audrey Hepburn, and six Gershwin songs. The production has gone over all this sprightly talent as relentlessly as some prodigious lawn roller, yet somehow it manages to survive the floor-shows, fashion-shows, cover-girl footage, and stylish chi-chi described by Kay Thompson, in the role of fashion editor, as Bizazz. Audrey Hepburn is a bookish girl, who discovers love and a talent for wearing clothes. Fred Astaire is the camera-man who discovers Audrey. There is a foolish topheavy plot, but Audrey Hepburn is as enchanting as ever to watch and Fred Astaire still proves that he can dance his way out of any plot that can be thrown in his direction.

In *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison* we have Deborah Kerr as a nun and Robert Mitchum as a marine, isolated together on a South Pacific Island during World War II. Deborah Kerr is wan, lovely, and faintly incandescent. Robert Mitchum is ardent, respectful and scrupulously dirty. Director John Huston, who is in charge of proceedings, mixes the secular and sacred yearnings of the marooned pair with high tact, and arranges the end of the affair with a decorum precisely timed to satisfy the romantic without offending the Church.

Deborah Kerr and Robert Mitchum.

News in Red China

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

on Formosa where the French News Agency also keeps a man. The two meet at intervals in Hong Kong, then return to their posts on either side of the Formosan war. The Chinese find this mildly amusing.

Other Western newsmen get visas usually issued for two months and renewable. This gives Peking some control over what is written, since the visa is still regarded as highly valuable by reporters. So far as I know, however, nobody has ever written anything else but what he believed about China for any reputable Western publication. One month after a U.S. news-magazine claimed I had been denounced by Peking for certain articles, I was back there again.

Contact with the leaders of mainland China is casual. Interviews are hard to arrange, and so far Mao Tse-tung has not given one since he came to power. Premier Chou En-lai will talk to the press at cocktail parties, has given formal interviews and appeared on U.S. television. Once he was cornered in Cambodia by a TV-reporter and submitted gracefully.

Chou and the U.S. correspondent sat through a sweltering evening while the sound-cameras and floods were installed. Chou waved aside the written questions, asked to be given merely some idea of what each one contained and suggested the agenda be strictly observed.

Then the cameras broke down. For almost an hour, while mosquitoes hummed in the still air and the two men sat perspiring, technicians fumbled frantically with the wiring.

"What on earth did you talk about?" I asked the reporter.

"Well," he said. "I showed him pictures of my daughter. Then I asked him when I could have my boat back."

"Your boat?"

"Yes, I shared a boat with two other newsmen in Hong Kong. They were sailing it close to the mainland and Communist gunboats arrested them. They were in jail nearly two years. The boat was never returned. Chou said he would look into the matter. Then he left."

Chinese in Peking like to feel the Western visitor respects their institutions — that is, Chinese ones, not Communist. They pride themelves (with justice) on the wonderful food served in cramped, unpretentious restaurants. One of the twelve selected, it is said, by Mao Tse-tung to uphold the honour of Chinese cuisine is called, with typical forthrightness, The Three Tables. It has three tables. At lunch you may find yourselves squeezed between officials from the Foreign Ministry nearby. School children coming home peek in through the dusty, cracked window-panes. Steaming delicacies flow in from the crowded kitchen. The cook hovers in the dark doorway, eager to please. The warm yellow wine flows and the comrades, keen students of the latest Western magazines, argue politics.

"You said in the *Star Weekly* once that India was ahead of China in her industrial program," I was challenged on one such occasion. "Is that still true?"

Some newsmen argue that China coverage can be best conducted from Hong-Kong. The British colony abounds in monitoring and translation services. Experts on China wait to leap on the unwary mind. You can maintain contact with the outside world and sanity. In Peking, a dark cloud of ignorance descends and world events are reduced to a muffled echo.

"But world affairs *are* reported," protested a Peking information officer. "Our papers all carry foreign news."

I challenged the editor of one paper (all publications are controlled) to prove this. He displayed with pride a page solid with foreign datelines. Under Budapest, the lead was: "A delegation of peace-fighters from Australia today greeted the unbreakable friendship of China and Hungary at the Sino-Hungarian Friendship Association conference here . . . ."

If revolution broke out in South China today, word would have reached Hong-kong long before Communist organs began to back into the subject, weeks later, with a story probably beginning: "The correct line of the Chinese Communist Party under the glorious leadership of Chairman Mao Tse-tung was today applauded by Wang Fang Lang who is one of seven ring leaders of a counter-revolutionary gang sent by traitor elements on Taiwan (Formosa) to sabotage the public welfare works of the Chinese people in Fukien province. Wang Fang Lang saw the strong will of the Chinese people to continue with their glorious achievements in Fukien and gave himself up to the Public Security authorities. . . ."

Nothing is wasted, least of all human material. In this respect the Chinese display superior wisdom to their Russian allies. Even a Western correspondent may serve some purpose, if only indirectly by reporting the absence of censorship.

Yet the fact is worthy of note. Other kinds of censorship are exercised, for instance by limiting the areas which can be visited and stalling off unwelcome inquiries. Nevertheless, first-hand observations count for a lot.

There is always hope, too, of some improvement in understanding. Ideas thrown out casually by Western reporters in Peking often get swift reaction. When the Reuters correspondent, David Chip, had just started to learn Mandarin (which is supplanting all other Chinese dialects), he met Mao Tse-tung at a party.

"Wa sher ying kwo yen," said Chip, prodding himself with a forefinger. "I am an Englishman."

Mao looked at him in quiet astonishment, said something in reply and walked off looking thoughtful.

Weeks later, Premier Chou En-lai announced that Mao was learning English.

Your Own Funeral

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

to such causes creates a truly *living* memorial, for it is invested in people. Since 1921 Sweden has had a Flower Fund. People send money instead of flowers, and the fund sends memorial messages, and uses the money to provide homes for the poor and needy.

What concerns me most about the modern funeral is that the pomp and circumstance is an expensive screen erected against the simple reality of death.

In this world of make-believe you take wide verbal detours around the truth. For instance, don't say "die"—no enlightened person dies any more—say he "passed on". The "remains" rest in a "slumber room" and are placed in a "funeral coach" and driven to the "memorial garden park". Even at the graveside the coffin—beg pardon, the casket—is hidden beneath a mass of bloom and the indecent, freshly dug earth is decorously covered by artificial grass.

I've talked to many ministers, and all deplore the trend to expense and show. I believe the clergy could do more to check this, for the influence they can exert in the midst of grief is great. The "officiating clergyman" as the newspapers call him, should truly officiate. A funeral is a religious rite of the greatest spiritual significance. Therefore the minister should permit nothing which offends his sensibilities; he is not at the mercy of the florist, the relatives or the undertaker. It is a tough job for overworked clergymen to assume a greater part in the planning of funerals, but such should be the case.

The clergy could also do more to minimize the body. Surely it is the spirit and not the body which is the focus of Christian interest. Then why do the clergy permit open caskets within their churches?

There are signs of a growing dissatisfaction with our funerals among thinking people. In the belief we can rid ourselves of the excesses of the present day funeral,

a group of people have organized the Toronto Memorial Society. They advocate that people decide *in advance* the sort of funeral they want, and discuss their wishes with their ministers and families. The group encourages funeral services of utmost simplicity and dignity.

The Memorial Association of Montreal is developing funeral observances which shall be simple, spiritual and inexpensive. In Winnipeg last year, Rev. P. M. Petursson appeared on TV along with a doctor and an undertaker, to talk over "Too Costly Funerals".

In an editorial, *The Canadian Baptist* urges that funeral services should be simple and often private "in keeping with the Christian doctrine of immortality", and adds, "Services should not be public spectacles or occasions for show. We have attended services where something less elaborate would have allowed for a contribution to assist in medical research and so help to prevent the untimely passing of someone else".

The General Council of the United Church of Canada meeting in Windsor last September heard a report urging that Christian burials be kept simple and inexpensive. "Elaborate and costly devices to restore a lifelike appearance to the body have no place in Christian practice. Excessive expenditures on elaborate caskets, vaults and tomb stones are to be deplored."

Individual ministers are urging that funeral services be held in the church, even for a few. They point out the vanity of costly attempts at preserving the body from the natural processes of decay, and suggest that open viewing, which calls for embalming and cosmetics, be abandoned. One Anglican priest put an end to rivalry over caskets in his parish by insisting that a pall, the property of the church, be placed over every casket as it entered the church. "No eulogies" has become a rule.

People are giving new consideration to cremation as an alternative to burial. It quickly re-identifies the body with the earth. Dr. Brock Chisholm, describing North Americans as the most wasteful people in the world, declared in a recent Toronto address, "Hungry people elsewhere can't understand us using good farming land for cemeteries. Our cemeteries increase by thousands of acres a year."

The day is coming when we may have no choice but cremation. A few years ago on a trip to Philadelphia I was shown blocks of cleared land within the city, where housing was going up. The land had been used for cemetery burial for years, and the city had just completed the huge job of moving these cemeteries to points far beyond the suburbs.

Private burial followed by a public memorial service has been suggested as a method of avoiding stress on the physical. War memorial services have no body present; they are the more spiritual for that.

After Franco a Monarchy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

cabinet appointments scarcely show the hand of a dictator at work; rather they resemble the typical heterogenous cabinet line-up of a late Nineteenth Century Spanish Bourbon monarch.

Into the cabinet came Alberto Ullastres as the new Minister of Commerce. A virtual unknown, he is an economics professor at Madrid University, a proponent of the deficit economy, but opposed to the hand-out techniques of the pampered Falange Party. He is also a member of "Opus Dei." Fernando María Castiella, who has never held ministerial rank before, is now a Monarchist but was a Falangist during the war and published a book during the 1940's on Spain's expansionist aims. Called *Spanish Claims*, it immodestly demanded for Spain most of Morocco, parts of Algeria, Gibraltar, French Indo-China, even the return of the Philippines. It's not talked about in Madrid these days.

Into other key posts went moderates as well as members of the reformist "Opus Dei." The editor of *Our Time*, the official monthly organ of "Opus Dei", replaced Juan Aparício as Director General of the Press. Aparício as Spain's censor was a vicious anti-democrat, trained in the press departments of Josef Goebbels.

Most revealing of all is the announcement of the creation of "a Premier's office" by Franco. Into it steps a university professor, an intimate friend of Admiral Carrero Blanco, longtime close adviser of the *caudillo*. Carrero may be the new "Deputy Premier" and will control the state budget; the money-hungry Falange Party will now have to go to him.

In short, all the executive cabinet requirements of a traditional Spanish monarchy have now appeared — all, that is, but a king. What's the reason behind all this? With no heir to his regime and the vast tomb of The Valley of the Fallen now under construction and into which all the Civil War dead of Franco's side and Franco himself some day will lay, the little general is obviously more and more concerned with the day when he will no longer rule.

Basically a conservative, a man of very simple habits — a result of frugal army campaigning days in Spanish Morocco — Franco, like most of us, has psychological quirks. He's still the army officer who made his initial oath of allegiance to King Alfonso XIII. It's entirely likely he will arrange to surrender his power only to a re-instituted Spanish monarchy. But Franco, the traditionalist, is also the crafty leader who has maintained his regime for nearly 20 years by delicately juggling within his system the political fortunes of the Monarchists, the Army, the Church, the Falange Party (which hates the Monarchists and the Church).

He knows this is no longer good enough, that a new solution must urgently be found for the day when his all-powerful hand is gone. Equally interesting is the rise to prominence of "Opus Dei", founded in 1928 by José María Escrivá, a wealthy Spanish priest of aristocratic origin. "Opus Dei" is pledged to the spread of Christian ethics in government, business and educational circles and to social reform in a nation where no regime which eliminated the Church from its planning has ever survived, but where several have maintained church support by becoming allied with reformist groups in it. "Opus Dei" also believes in "complete freedom of thought for the individual outside matters of faith. . . ." This probably explains the internal opposition of "Opus Dei" to the reactionary Spanish episcopacy and the ultra-conservative Catholic Action group.

The leaders of "Opus Dei", trained in their own university to cope with the serious economic and social problems of Spain, admit that the winds of liberalism have been fanned in Spain by the regime itself, because it is allowing so many young intellectuals to study abroad. They see salvation in the stability of a new constitutional Spanish monarchy, but free of the experiments of Alfonso XIII's reign.

Into Spain since 1931 have come the technology and the wider class structure of the Twentieth Century's industrial era. With it has arrived a rising, young, aggressive business middle class. It exists best in a free society. Already this new group is fed up with the rigid bureaucracy of Franco's centralized controls. And it would be equally resentful of any renewed monarchy which brings back with it the age-old contempt of the well-born Spanish aristocrat for the tradesman.

To satisfy this group, openly critical of the chronic economic chaos of Spain, Franco has obviously ordered the present shift from the "corporate state" to more economic freedom. In spite of two major salary increases since last April, serious labor riots continue. The near exhaustion of Spain's gold reserves, combined with 25% more currency in operation than in March, 1956, has made stringent changes most urgent even to Franco.

However, the preparation for a move back into time and acceptance of royalty again reminds us that paradox is often the commonplace in Spanish politics. There's always the even chance that Franco's candidate for the throne, the fresh, young Prince Juan Carlos, may never fill the future kingly role he is now so carefully training for. Spain, always unpredictable and more so without Franco, could plunge itself into another political paroxysm, a prospect viewed with justified fear by all Spaniards, no matter how much some may oppose Franco or the return of a king.

Nassau — Canada's Favorite

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

there in half a dozen hours. If you prefer to stop in New York, you can take either the daily Pan American or BOAC ride in —both about four hours flying time from New York quickened by a constant free supply of champagne. As you step off the plane you are handed a free glass of planter's punch. And it isn't long before you find that rum is cheaper than milk in the Bahamas.

But Columbus' ghost is not the most restless or the most obvious in Nassau. The brooding spirit of Sir Harry Oakes, the man who made millions in Kirkland Lake, Ont. gold, hovers everywhere. The airport you land at is Oakes Field. Sir Harry was murdered amid circumstances that make *Macbeth* seem like a play of manners. Since the gold lord made Nassau what it is today, his murder of 1942 is discussed as if it happened last week. The carryings-on of the rest of the Oakes clan are observed and recorded with the same curiosity bestowed on a ruling royal family.

Ever since Sir Harry landed there, many another millionaire has settled on the tax-free beaches—no income tax, no property tax, only 2% inheritance tax. As a result, there is a kind of landed gentry which roams the island like lairds and barons of old. The white-jacket set, many of them Canadian, move from dinner party to dinner party, like lost olives looking for the soothing happiness of martinis. Newest arrival is E. P. Taylor, who is striking gold in Nassau real estate.

Although Nassau is not a place for millionaires only, there's no doubt it helps to have an ample supply of money. Accomodation at the better hotels, the mammoth British Colonial, still run by the Oakes clan, the more isolated Fort Montagu or Coral Harbour Club, in season is likely to run an average of $35 a day per person.

There are pleasant places to spend much more. Nassau has the British Commonwealth's only real live gambling casino. Not quite a Monte Carlo—it's smaller and more casual—the Bahamian Club still has five-dollar-a-fling minimums at its craps table and black jack factory.

The island is dotted with night spots which feature a raw, rough and ready kind of calypso which goes under the general title of *goombay*. There are local entertainers who have been much influenced by American jazz, but who have at the same time somehow managed to remain aloof. At Nassau's regal Royal Victoria Hotel, Blake Alphonso Higgs — better known as Blind Blake — pounds out a strange assortment of songs which comment on the passing scene. For instance, there's "Never Interference With Man and Wife" written on the occasion of the abdication of Edward VIII, and "J. P. Morgan" about a poor native named Morgan whose initials "ain't J. P." It's not uncommon to have the Duke of Windsor or J. P. Morgan himself in the audience listening to the voice of Blind Blake, which is as husky as the hair on the outside of a coconut shell.

There are other native celebrities like bawdy calypso singer George Symonette who looks like a brown pumpkin, and dancing Sweet Richard, a sort of island Elvis Presley.

In some of the "over the hill" spots, where goatskin-topped drums are beaten all night in frantic rhythms, some people who have never danced find themselves on the dance floors shaking and shuffling.

It is the sea around the island that brings great joy to the man who loves to fish. You can rent a launch for a day and try for the big sail that makes you feel like a Hemingway.

Glass-bottom boats reveal an undersea world that looks like something by Dali or Picasso mixed with an Italian vegetable market. If you are one of the brave and bold you can go spear-fishing, but chances are you won't land anything but another spear-fisher.

For the ladies, Nassau offers a street loaded with bargain basement prices. Perfumes which sell for $12 in Canada, can be purchased along Bay Street, the main shopping centre for $6.50. Cashmere sweaters and liquor are the other island buys.

Because of cool evenings, Nassau is also a pleasant spring and summer spot. Hotel prices drop a third for the warmer months. Last year more than 150,000 tourists stopped in Nassau, many of them from Canada.

Ontario's Big Gas Search

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

Gas finds with a rated daily open flow so far of 36 million cubic feet have provided one of Ontario's major utility undertakings, Union Gas, with an auxiliary supply for the rich (London-Windsor-Sarnia) market it serves.

The finds made up to the present time in this area result mainly from one man's hunch. The man: Frank Coste, now president of Consolidated West Petroleum, which has pioneered underwater drilling in Canada. His hunch: that only part of the reserves of the Tilbury gas field (first discovered 1906) lie onshore near Port Alma.

Under Coste's direction, Cons. West Pete in the early 1940's staked offshore acreage directly south of the Tilbury field, hoping to find an underwater extension. After thirteen years of drilling, the company has turned in an astounding record of 34 producer wells, without a single dry hole. Combined daily open flow, at a conservative estimate, is upwards of 36 million cubic feet. Reserves on the small amount of acreage so far explored total 40 billion cubic feet — about the size of a small western field.

The results obtained by the company to the end of 1955 were enough to unleash a big staking rush last spring — a rush that's yet to peter out. From an original 80 square miles staked by Cons. West Pete the area under licence has grown to roughly 1,100 square miles of offshore holdings.

At present, considerable acreages are held by Imperial Oil and subsidiaries; Dome Exploration (Western); Phillips Petroleum; Ace Oil; New British Dominion Oils; J. Bradley Streit's Alator Corp. and its affiliates, Midcon and Yellowknife Bear Mines: Canadian Prospect, allied with Canadian Export and Bluewater Oil & Gas: Harvest Petroleums, linked with Submarine Oil & Gas; together with a host of private individuals. (Incidentally, one of these, J. Warwick, brought in three producer wells on his acreage off Morpeth Township last year).

Considerable interest has also built up in underwater gas in other areas. Nearby Lake St. Clair for instance has been completely licenced by three companies. Among them is Lake St. Clair Gas Fields Ltd., an affiliate of the important Ventures-Frobisher group of companies. So far it has drilled nine wells, four of which are gas successes with a combined potential daily flow of roughly 4 million cubic feet.

A large area has also been staked along the Lake Huron shore, just north of Sarnia. The company here is a Calgary concern, Pan Western Oils.

These developments on the Canadian side have been highly significant, sparking interest in the possibilities of offshore drilling on the U.S. side of Lake Erie.

Up to now there's been little doing — largely the result of the policy of the various states regarding the exploitation of onshore gas and oil fields. Pennsylvania has recently made the first move preparatory to leasing offshore acreage. The other states concerned (New York, Michigan and Ohio) will probably follow this lead.

When the Americans decide to go ahead with offshore development, it's more than likely that they'll turn to Canada for the know-how. Already companies across the border have made enquiries about having contract drilling work done for them.

London Letter

by Beverley Nichols

Terrible Ted, Bessie & Sabrina

THERE WAS A SIGH of relief when the shipyard and engineering strikes were called off, but no hats were thrown in the air — for two reasons. Firstly, because a whole new batch of strikes is just around the corner; secondly, because it is now clear that the cause of the strike was as much political as economic . . . which means that as long as we have a Tory Government we shall have industrial chaos.

This contention is proved by two very important people, Terrible Ted and Bessie Braddock.

In private life Terrible Ted is E. J. Hill, secretary of the United Boilermakers' Society, which is the most important union in the shipbuilding strike. He is a blustering, snarling mountain of a man with a whole pack of chips on his shoulder. Even the apathetic British public was startled when, at the beginning of the strike he blatantly announced that "the members of my union come before the country — *we* are not worried about the effect on British exports", adding that "my boys want their beer money and they're going to get it". A few days later he put his true objective into so many words: it was not beer money but the fall of the government. "The time has arrived" he boomed, "when we must consider taking industrial action when a government exceeds its mandate."

At almost the same time, Bessie Braddock, Socialist MP for the Exchange Division of Liverpool, was releasing her own political pussy cat. Mrs. Braddock is a stout, down-to-earth woman who might be mistaken for Terrible Ted's sister. Personally I find her rather endearing, and if I ever have to ride in a tumbril I should like her to be driving it. The possibility is not so remote, if Bessie ever gets her way. "Go on striking," she cried. "Stand firm, for that is the only way to get rid of this Tory government!"

Fomenting industrial anarchy for political ends is, of course, one of the fundamental techniques of the revolutionary, and Britain today can show all too many examples of that technique.

As for the suggestion that a whole new batch of strikes is just around the corner . . . well, if there is any doubt about that, take a look at the queue of workers who have already lined up, holding out their hands for more. They include gas workers, railway shopmen, power supply workers, builders, doctors, engineering office and technical staff, women engineers, provincial busmen, miners, dockers, Government engineers, chemical workers.

Perhaps this is only an example of an inflationary trend that can be seen in every industrial country. But in Britain demands are being made which bear no sort of relation to reality. Indeed, one sometimes wonders whether some of the union leaders are quite right in the head.

If the average Canadian were asked to interpret the word "Sabrina", he would probably guess that it was a lubricating oil, a patent food, or some form of hair cream. Sabrina is none of these things. Sabrina is a female. One might almost say that she is *the* female.

She has been described as an animated bust. That is only a half truth. About the bust, certainly, there can be no question; it is what the Germans would call "Kolossal", but the animation, no. When Sabrina first appeared on TV, as an unknown show-girl, the whole point about her was her total dumbness. The bust spoke for itself. Now, it seems, she can actually utter words, if pressed.

Bessie Braddock: Down to earth.

Sabrina: Stronger meat needed.

Sabrina is probably the best known name in modern England, and sometimes her bust seems to overshadow the whole contemporary scene. For this reason she has been dragged into the Stately Homes of England business. Competition to lure the public into these places grows stronger every year—it is no longer enough to allow them to wander through the rose gardens and take a peep at my lady's chamber; stronger meat is required. So Sabrina is going to be on show at one of the stateliest homes of all, Thoresby Hall, in Nottinghamshire.

Thoresby is in the heart of Sherwood Forest; and in its grounds still stands the famous thousand-year-old oak tree where Little John and Friar Tuck are said to have stored their venison. When the house is thrown open, Sabrina will be revealed as Maid Marian, dressed in Lincoln green, which should certainly be a startling sight. After this, the Duke of Bedford's juke box at Woburn Abbey sounds quite tame, which is perhaps why he is also exhibiting a deodorized skunk, at no extra charge.

Increasingly uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. One had hoped that with the advent of Mr. Macmillan there might be some improvement in the grotesquely incompetent service of public relations which provides us with news of the royal family's activities. But no. Under the direction of Dr. Hill, who is our nearest approach to a minister of propaganda, the service goes from bad to worse.

In the first week of the shipping strike, when the workers were being told how important it was for every class to exercise economy, he blandly released the information that the plumbing at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle is to be modernized at a cost of approximately three quarters of a million dollars. This came on top of Lord Beaverbrook's reiterated protests at the alleged extravagant cost of the royal yacht.

As if this were not enough, the Queen has been incurring the wrath of the League against Cruel Sports. Last month the public was shocked by a story from Devonshire of the "sport" of stag-hunting in which the wretched animal was hunted under particularly revolting circumstances, and eventually drowned. This was too much for the members of the League—and indeed for some who were not members. They chose the occasion to launch an attack on the whole business of hunting, and on the Queen as its chief and most ardent adherent.

"We know who *our* chief enemies are," declared one spokesman, "and the Queen is certainly our worst enemy. Why should royalty be allowed to chase a poor animal for five hours till its lungs burst and blood pours from its mouth?"

The Queen, so far, has made no reply to this outburst. Perhaps she is too concerned by the fuss over the Victoria League. This venerable institution, whose purpose is to promote Commonwealth friendship and unity, owns a students' club in London, from which colored students are, in practice, barred. As a result a young idealist called Lord Altrincham resigned, with a great flourish of trumpets. He has called the club "an insult to all that the League professes to stand for", and has drawn attention to "a special cause for concern, in that the Queen and the Queen-Mother are patrons of the League, and Princess Margaret is president of its Youth Contingent."

Unless I am greatly mistaken, we shall hear a lot more about this, and one wonders how the Queen's advisers will extract her from this latest dilemma. It is an unhappy business, but one touch of humor was provided by Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt, the football-loving President of the League, who was very angry with Lord Altrincham for involving the Royal Family. "I call that pretty rotten," he snorted. "In fact, I call it definitely *offside!*"

Your Taxes

by Garfield P. Smith, CA

Budget Resolutions

NOW THAT we have had a chance to sit back and study the budget introduced by the Minister of Finance it will be interesting to discuss some of the resolutions.

Income Taxes

Although there was no change announced in personal or corporation income tax rates, it is interesting to note that corporations carrying on business in Ontario will be paying 2% more tax for 1957 than they did for 1956 by virtue of the proposed Ontario Corporations Tax Act. The Ontario Act provides for an income tax of 11% on corporation income earned in the Province of Ontario. However, a tax credit of 9% will in all probability be permitted as a deduction from the Federal Income tax leaving a net tax increase of 2%. At present the regulations provide for a deduction of 9% of the income earned in Quebec in computing the Federal tax on corporations. It is expected that the regulations will be extended to include income earned in Ontario by a corporation.

Dependents

Prior to the introduction of the budget, persons whose income did not exceed $750 could be claimed as dependents providing the other qualifications were met. It is now proposed to increase this amount to $950. This would appear to be of particular interest in the case of students attending a university and who work during the vacation periods.

It should be noted that the proposed legislation does not apply to the amount of income which may be earned by a wife before affecting her husband's exemption. He will still be in the position of having his exemption reduced by the amount of her earnings in excess of $250.

Pension Plans

Individuals who are not covered under approved employee-employer contributory pension plans may now make provision for pension plans of their own and will be entitled to deduct the premiums from income. The maximum deduction is limited to the lesser of $2,500 or 10% of the earned income.

Persons who are already participating in an approved pension plan and who are not having deductions from pay made up to the authorized maximum, may take out additional coverage up to the maximum of the lesser of $1,500 or 10% of the earned income.

When benefits are received under the plan, they will be subject to taxation at that time. Although tax will have to be paid in any event, there appear to be three benefits, as follows:

(1) There is a postponement of tax;

(2) There is the interest element on the postponed tax; and

(3) As the income after retirement will in all probability be less than the income prior to retirement, the benefits under the pension plan will likely be taxed at a lower rate.

Donations

It is not often that legislation is proposed which will benefit the lowest income earners without at the same time creating a greater benefit for persons in higher income groups. For example, if personal exemptions are increased, the greatest savings will accrue to the persons in the highest tax brackets. An exception to this, of course, is the $100 allowance which may be claimed instead of the actual payments for medical expenses, charitable donations, trade union dues and professional membership fees. As such expenses will most likely be under $100 in the lowest income groups, such persons will benefit by the $100 deduction. Such expenses for persons in higher income groups will undoubtedly be greatly in excess of $100, and they will therefore not benefit by this legislation.

The effect of this provision is that single persons will not pay tax unless their income exceeds $1,100, nor will married persons pay tax unless their income exceeds $2,100.

Where husband and wife have separate incomes, it will be possible to claim an additional exemption of $100 by having the husband claim all the actual medical expenses and charitable donations and filing receipts therefor, and have the wife claim the $100 deduction for which no receipts are required.

Another interesting feature of the budget is the resolution permitting a taxpayer to carry forward charitable donations which are in excess of the amount deductible under the Act. In the past, persons who operated a business, which suffered a loss, or which yielded a very small profit, may not have been permitted the full de-

duction for charitable donations made during the year. In many cases the profit in the following year will be large enough to permit the deduction of the donations made in the year plus the carry forward from the previous year.

Succession Duties

In computing the aggregate net value of an estate for Federal succession duties purposes, no deduction could be made for bequests to charitable organizations. Although such bequests were not taxable in themselves, their inclusion in the aggregate net value did affect the tax payable in respect of the remainder of the estate.

Thus, if a man died and left a $100,000 estate, with a bequest of $50,000 to charity, the remainder of the estate would be taxed on the basis of the estate having an aggregate net value of $100,000. Under the proposed legislation, the aggregate net value will be $50,000 and therefore exempt from succession duties.

A further amendment to the Federal Succession Duty Act is the reduction of 50% of the tax applicable to property subject to Provincial Succession Duties. Formerly the deduction was limited to the lesser of one-half of the Federal duties otherwise payable or the actual amount of the Provincial duties paid.

Double Taxation

Where a person has substantial investments both inside and outside of Canada, is there liable to be a duplication of succession duties in the event of his death?—T.W., Ottawa.

Yes. Your estate may be subject to succession duties in each province or country where your investments are located, and in addition, there will be a tax liability on your entire estate in the jurisdiction in which you live. Although there may be tax credits to minimize the resulting double taxation, the succession duties quite often will be considerably less if the assets of the estate are situated entirely in one country.

In many instances, it is possible to eliminate the problem of succession duties outside of Canada by forming a corporation to your own investments. For succession duties purposes the assets of your estate will consist of your shares in the corporation and not of the assets of the corporation. The fact that the corporation owns assets in other countries will not result in your estate being subject to foreign succession duties.

Another advantage in using a corporate structure to own your investments is that ordinarily no disposition can be made of estate assets until arrangements have been made for the payment of taxes to all the taxing authorities concerned. If the assets are owned by a corporation, then they are not assets of the estate, and therefore not subject to the above restriction.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

offering of

Additional Capital Stock

Shareholders of record February 15, 1957 received rights to subscribe for one new share at $30 per share for each five shares held. New shares may be paid for in full, or in ten monthly instalments of $3.00 each per share commencing May 17, 1957.

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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 281

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of thirty-five cents per fully-paid share on the outstanding Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending April 30, 1957, payable at the Bank and its branches on May 1, 1957, to shareholders of record at the close of business on March 30, 1957.

Subscribers to new shares are reminded that they will rank for this dividend only in the proportion that the amount paid upon such new shares at the record date of March 30, 1957, bears to the subscription price of $30.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD

N. J. McKINNON,
President.

Toronto, March 8, 1957

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Quiz

by Bergen Evans

Old Dogs and New Tricks

Aren't male dogs habitually chivalrous toward females?

ALBERT Payson Terhune, who enjoys a wide reputation as an authority on canine behavior, has asked rhetorically, in the *Reader's Digest*, February, 1922: "Where is there an authentic case of a grown male dog attacking the female of his own species?"

The proper attitude.

Jack London, an equally respectable authority, has supplied an authentic case: "Curly, in her friendly way, had made advances to a husky the size of a full grown wolf. There was no warning, only a leap in like a flash, a metallic clip of teeth, a leap out equally swift, and Curly's face was ripped open from eye to jaw."

The author of this column can offer another exception to Terhune's rule: on August 24, 1948, on the outskirts of Springfield, Illinois, a Seeing Eye female was attacked and severely injured by a male airedale.

Don't dogs have a supernatural ability to find their way home across many miles of strange terrain?

Sure way home.

THE NEWSPAPERS are full of stories of dogs who have miraculously turned up at the doorsteps of baffled masters who had abandoned them afar. Against these stories, however, can be set the lost and found columns of the same papers, which in almost every issue carry offers of rewards for the recovery of dogs that, apparently, couldn't find their way back from the next street.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who has had a great deal to do with dogs—sled dogs and huskies, dogs right in a state of nature if dogs ever were—says in *The Friendly Arctic* that a lost dog "rarely finds his way back." One of his Eskimos, Emiu, a young hunter, almost lost his life in a blizzard, through his "foolishness in trusting his dogs to find the way back to camp" —Emiu's idea that they would do so being, amusingly enough, a belief he had picked up from white men during a visit to Nome.

Aren't bones to gnaw on essential to a dog's health?

Bone of contention.

THOUGH householders from Old Mother Hubbard onward have thought so, Dr. E. R. Blamey, formerly chief veterinary advisor to the American Kennel Club, says no. He points out that the nourishment a bone provides is overbalanced by the danger of such a diet. Constant gnawing wears down the enamel-covered crowns of the teeth, and consumption of fish, fowl and rabbit bones is likely to line the alimentary canal with splinters.

Isn't it impossible to change a dog's habits?

Flexible behavior.

THIS IS SUCH a well-known truism that "You can't teach an old dog new tricks" has come to be *the* formula for inflexible behavior. Yet the fact is, dogs do change their customs. A striking example is the change in the habits of English dogs brought about by the muzzling order of 1897. To check the spread of rabies, dogs were restrained for some thirty months from biting one another. As Charles Elton has recorded in his book, *Animal Ecology and Evolution*, when the canines were unmuzzled they did not revert to their former ferocity; dogfights were far less frequent and bloody than they had been before.

Afghans were originally bred for hunting big, dangerous animals (the leopard, for example) over difficult terrain. Bred as pets, they now have stolid, friendly temperaments.

Don't dogs have an uncanny ability to read character, and particularly to perceive hidden villainy?

The mystic power.

NOVELISTS and journalists have encouraged the public to propagate this misimpression. Thus while the dull humans in Dickens' *Little Dorrit* are deceived by the suavity of Rigaud, the little dog knows him "instinctively" for what he is and, despite punishment by his gullible master, persists in his warning attacks until the villain is unmasked. The *Chicago Sun*, July 28, 1943, reported that a Chicago housewife had written in triumphant indignation to the salvage office of the War Production Board to say that her bulldog's growling had warned her that their wastepaper collector was dishonest. She had ignored the faithful creature's warning, however, only to find, after the collector had gone, that she had been short-changed four cents. The WPB promised to make up the deficiency.

So established is this mystic analytic power of dogs that it has never been explained why banks waste money on expensive alarm systems when a dog stationed at the door could at once give notice not only of robbers but of forgers, embezzlers, dealers in shady securities—and strange examiners. Perhaps bank managers do not want their employees to know when they have had one too many at lunch.

Isn't it cruel to keep dogs in cities?

Urban longevity.

NOT IF WE accept recent research statistics of the American Veterinary Medical Association which tell us that the city dog is better groomed, better fed and better exercised than his country cousin and that his life expectancy is two to three years longer.

Country dogs, more often than not, are regarded as "working" animals. They are expected to provide some protection for household and stock against human and animal marauders. They are left more to their own devices, to forage and range as they will.

Stanley Randall

Biggest Single Factor

He pleaded for a chance to become a salesman 30 years ago. Since then he has become president of a million dollar company.

"IF THERE'S ANYTHING I love to do in this world it is to sell. I feel that salesmanship is the biggest single factor in life to-day, whether in commerce or industry, political or social life. If you are not selling products you are selling services, theories, ideas, and ideals. You are selling team-work, co-operation — you are selling yourself."

This is exactly how Stanley Randall felt about salesmanship 30 years ago, when, as a youth of 19, he begged the manager of the Brunswick Ball Co. in Toronto to allow him to work behind the counter where he could learn "how to sell". Since then he has sold himself to the point where he is President, General Manager, and a director of the Easy Washing Machine Co.

As boss of Canada's leading washing machine company, Randall is responsible for the direct operation of the organization which employs 235 people who can turn out 400 washing machines and 30 driers a day in the modern plant which occupies over 150,000 sq. feet in north Toronto. In addition the company manufactures small motors (up to 1/30 horsepower) under the name Alliance Motors, and distributes Vornado air-circulator machines across the country. According to Randall there are "over 2,000 retailers on our books" who are serviced by 25 salesmen and sales managers in each province.

With greater consumer resistance and tougher competition, Randall feels the time has come for a new approach to sales. "This is a buyer's market, and I think the day has come when we have to go to the customer. Now he has nothing left to buy but price. Instead of obligating ourselves, we must reverse the situation and obligate the customer."

He feels this can be done by bringing the product right up to the consumer's door, demonstrating it, and selling it in the home — "salesmen must learn to get out of their stores and showrooms and do their selling at the point of least resistance".

As a youngster, Randall was far from the gregarious salesman. By his own admission he was "small, and skinny" (he weighed 78 lbs. when he got his first job) "and awfully shy".

Born in Toronto in 1908, he completed public school and got a job collecting parcels in Simpson's department store. Two years later he switched jobs to become office boy for the Brunswick Ball Co. Noting his talent for arithmetic, the manager placed him to the payroll department, but "I wanted desperately to sell behind the counter". After much persuasion, Randall was allowed to sell — on Friday nights and Saturdays at no extra pay. He jumped at the chance.

In 1928 he was laid off, and after checking the "Want Ads" he arranged for an interview at the Easy Washing Machine Co. where he was hired to look after collections. During his first few days on the job he noticed a "lovely girl in the office", promptly sold himself to her and got married.

He spent the next five years "picking up experience in the service department where I learned the mechanical end", and on the order desk where "I learned the problems of service and distribution".

In 1933 his big chance came when he was offered a job to go on the road as a salesman equipped with $25 a week and a used car. "I worked hard then", he recalls, "I rarely finished the day before 10 or 11 p.m." His efforts yielded rewards and it wasn't long before quotas were being exceeded and records broken.

During World War II he acted as expeditor for the company's war contracts, where he gained "a liberal education".

Appointed general sales manager after the war, he was responsible for shifting distribution and merchandising activities back to peace-time production.

When the president of the company died suddenly in 1947, Randall was elected director, vice-president and general manager. Six months later he was appointed president of the company.

Today, Randall epitomizes the polished salesman. An excellent speaker (he took a public speaking course), he enjoys conversation and his broad vocabulary enables him to express ideas quickly.

In 1946 he enrolled in the Alexander Hamilton Institute course and graduated with 22 "A"s in 1948. "Believe me, it took a lot of willpower to come home after a day's work and start studying, but it was worth it".

Now he spends his leisure time reading financial articles, listening to his hi-fi set, and attending a movie once a week.

Randall's working day starts at 8:30 a.m. and ends when he wheels his '56 Cadillac towards his eight-room house in North Toronto at 6 p.m.

During winter he takes an annual two-week vacation with his wife at Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Summer holidays are confined to long week-ends with his family (two girls, 14 and 17 years old).

Randall believes that the young salesman today has unlimited potentialities — "In the selling field you can literally write your own pay-check if you take advantage of your opportunities. The field was never more exciting or rewarding". But he cautions, "The young salesman must have that innate desire to sell, he must be natural".

Dr. Hans Selye

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

out. He could not have been lazy if he had wished to, and it was mere accident of birth that gave him enough adaptive energy to enable him to keep going at top pace long enough to make his pile.

In the same manner the lazy chap who "has no drive" cannot be blamed. This is the way he must live.

Selye does not contend, mind you, that there is nothing an individual can do to alter or improve his lot. But he holds that everything that can be done must be done within the limits of what is physically possible for the individual.

"Life," he says, "is essentially a process that gradually spends the fixed amount of adaptation energy we inherited from our parents . . . Vitality is like a bank account that we can use up by withdrawals but never increase by deposits. The solution is not to stop withdrawing, for this would be death. Nor is it to withdraw just enough for survival for this would permit only a vegetative life, worse than death. The intelligent thing is to withdraw generously but never squander."

It is not surprising that such philosophic extensions of scientific work have caused controversy. The implications of Selye's theory are disturbing to the medical doctor who has been trained in the belief that each disease has a separate, specific cause that must be found and treated; the psychiatrist and the social worker who place great emphasis on environment and early emotional experiences in dealing with mental breakdown and anti-social behavior; to the clergyman who believes that God gave each man "free will" and the obligation to shape his own destiny.

This does not disturb Hans Selye. He admits that he has no formal training as a psychologist or as a philosopher.

"Yet," he says urbanely, "it may not be inappropriate for an investigator who has spent his life exploring any one aspect of life in the laboratory to pause and contemplate the applicability of his observations to the problems of everyday life."

The cautious *British Medical Journal* said of his works: "No theory in living memory has stimulated research to such an extent." The *Lancet* said that his investigations "constitute the most important trend of medicine at the opening of the second half of the 20th century".

He is in tremendous demand as a speaker at international scientific meetings because some aspect of his work touches almost every field of discussion about the nature and destiny of man. Aided by the fact that he speaks nine languages—German, French, Spanish, English, Czech, Hungarian, Portuguese, Russian and Italian—he has lectured in most of the important medical centres of the world, from Moscow to Buenos Aires. As this is being written, he is preparing to go to Japan whose scientists have long been fascinated by his work. He is a member of 62 scientific societies, a member of the editorial board of 16 scientific publications and the recipient of more awards and honors than can be reasonably listed here.

Selye has blue-grey eyes, thinning blond hair and moves quickly and easily like a man in good physical condition. He directs the activities of about 56 researchers in a well-equipped laboratory in the new, modernistic University of Montreal, impressively situated on the mountain overlooking the city. His office can be described as luxurious and he is protected from petty details and time-consuming interruptions by a handsome, efficient secretary.

Selye's staff is devoted to him. The University of Montreal is proud of him and his work, gives him a free hand and all the co-operation he needs. He is married (his first marriage to a medical doctor ended in divorce) to a pretty French-Canadian who confines her interests to the domestic and social side of his life and accepts the fact that a large part of his time is given exclusively to science. He is a devoted father to four children, one from his first marriage and three from his second.

He has come a long way since he arrived in Canada 25 years ago from Czechoslovakia, via Rockefeller research fellowships first to Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore and then, in 1932, to the Department of Biochemistry of McGill University in Montreal. But he has come along a straight and largely predetermined path.

Selye was born in Vienna, the only son of a doctor whose father and grandfather had also been physicians. His own professional career would seem to bear out his belief that heredity is an important factor in success in life. A member of a well-off Roman Catholic family with a wide cultural and scientific background, he was educated first by governesses and later by the Benedictine Fathers in Komarom, Czechoslovakia. He began medical studies at the German University of Prague, later studied at the University of Paris and the University of Rome and then returned to Prague to take his M.D. in 1939 and his Ph.D. in chemistry in 1931.

He was then 26 years of age and had long before began to question the ideas and opinions of his teachers and the senior scientists among whom he worked.

As he tells it, he began to suspect in his first years as a medical student that the concept of "specificity"—that each disease has a specific cause which must be found and treated in order to cure the disease—was out-dated.

Selye began to believe that in their preoccupation with the search for the specific cause of each disease, doctors were losing sight of the fact that there might be one general, basic cause for a number of apparently unrelated diseases. This tentative belief eventually led to his concept of the role of stress but at the time he put aside his doubts like a well-disciplined young man and concentrated on gaining the basic training in the art of medicine and in its allied sciences that enables him today to speak with the confidence and authority of a man who knows his subject thoroughly.

At McGill, Selye began to think again about a general, basic cause for a large group of superficially different diseases. Experimenting with rats, he noted that stress of various kinds—injections with irritating substances, cold, hunger, frustration, fatigue—all produced the same changes in the glandular activity of the rats and led eventually to death. An im-

ROYALITE OIL COMPANY, LIMITED

Notice of Annual General Meeting of Shareholders

NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of ROYALITE OIL COMPANY, LIMITED will be held at the Head Office of the Company, Royalite Building, in the City of Calgary, Province of Alberta, on Tuesday, the 30th day of April, 1957, at the hour of 11:00 o'clock in the forenoon for the purpose of:

(I) receiving and considering the following:
Report of the Directors;
Consolidated Balance Sheet of Royalite Oil Company, Limited as at December 31st, 1956.
Statement of Consolidated Income and Retained Earnings for the year ended December 31st, 1956.
Auditor's Report to the Shareholders for the year ended December 31st, 1956.

(II) electing Directors;

(III) appointing Auditors; and

(IV) transacting such other business as may properly be brought before the meeting.

The Directors have fixed Friday, the 12th day of April, 1957, as the record date for the determination of shareholders entitled to notice of and to vote at such Annual General Meeting notwithstanding any transfer of any shares on the books of the Company after said record date.

By Order of the Board,
K. S. C. MULHALL,
Secretary-Treasurer.

portant observation was that while the glandular changes produced by stress were the same, the final cause of death varied. The rats died from a variety of what Selye calls "adaptation" or "civilized" diseases such as arthritis, heart disease, kidney disease and other circulatory disturbances.

The common denominator of all these diseases he recognized as stress, and he began to put forward in scientific papers the thought that a breakdown in the mechanism by which man responds to stress was the basic cause of most, perhaps all, illness.

To the question of how "stress" could be responsible for infectious diseases such as tuberculosis or the common cold, Selye today says that perhaps maladaptation to stress lowers the natural resistance of the body to infection from the outside. In regard to mental illness he suspects that chemical changes, again resulting from stress, play a more important part than has been believed up to now.

These thoughts are later developments from the basic work done at McGill with the inadequate laboratory equipment and facilities which handicap most young scientists. More frustrating to Selye was the cold reception which his ideas at first received. His superiors told him he was wasting his time in an unprofitable field.

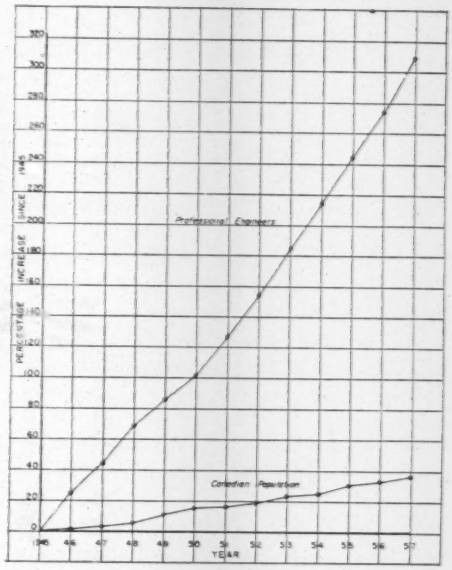
But some scientists, notably Sir Frederick Banting, who obtained for Selye his first research grant of $500, were interested and gradually his work began to gain recognition. In 1941 McGill advanced him to the rank of associate professor and the next year awarded him a D.Sc. degree in medical research.

In 1945 Selye left McGill and accepted the post of director of the Institute of Experimental Medicine and Surgery of the University of Montreal. That same year he was named to represent Canada at the celebration of the 220th anniversary of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR in Moscow and Leningrad. Two years later he accepted the post of expert consultant to the Surgeon General of the United States —a position he still holds.

It may take 50 years or more to establish if McGill was short-sighted in letting him go or if the University of Montreal was over-eager to demonstrate that this new, French-language university, popularly held to be strong in Law and the humanities but weak in science, was able to spot a coming scientific giant.

Selye's contributions to man's knowledge of how the glands function and how certain diseases may be treated with hormone substances are great and would in any case assure him of a mention in the medical histories and text-books of the future. But his claim to international fame and his prospects of being ranked with the great scientists of all time rest on his general concept of stress.

New Engineering Plan



Engineers as against population.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

development. For each of Canada's 27,000 engineers there is at least one technician — and there may be as many as four per engineer.

The Association sees its plan as having these results:

Freeing engineers from a great deal of work that can be done by technicians, with the result that more engineering brains are available.

Development of a sense of status and pride of workmanship among technicians.

Providing clearly defined steps by which technicians may move to the ranks of professional engineers.

The Association also believes that these steps, in addition to providing more engineers — a secondary objective — will encourage industry to give more recognition to technicians by graduating pay scales. To support its program, the Association will probably press for legislation recognizing the categories for technicians. This legislation would operate in much the same way as present legislation that specifies what work may be done only by persons with the required professional standing.

To get into operation such a plan, involving the biggest portion of Ontario's technical population, is a large order. The Association estimates, however, that the scheme will be rolling within two years and will be well established within five years.

It also expects that if, after two years, the scheme is working satisfactorily, the other Canadian provinces — with a total of 12,000 engineers — will announce similar plans. The Ontario project, therefore, could well point the way to a national solution of the technical manpower question in Canada.

There is another aspect to the overall plan. In addition to easing the present tight squeeze for technical personnel, it helps prepare the way for the growing dependence on automation.

It is thought that with the increasing use of automatic machinery, industry's uses for the unskilled and semi-skilled worker will decrease. Conversely, jobs for the skilled worker will probably increase. With the Association's plan, workers will be encouraged to increase their qualifications. They will be able to see where they can go and what it will take to get there. For the ambitious worker, a job in industry will mean opportunity, not frustration.

Administration of the plan will be under the Council of the Association. Terms of the scheme call for a panel of examiners—two representatives from the teaching profession and three engineers from industry—to look over qualifications and forward recommendations to the certification board. An applicant who has been rejected by the board may appeal to the full Council.

The Association expects its scheme will encourage the provincial Government to accelerate its program for establishing technical schools. These, such as Toronto's Ryerson Institute of Technology and the Lakehead Institute, satisfy only a fraction of the demand for qualified technicians.

It is interesting that it is the engineers (the employees), not industry (the employer), who have come up with an answer for the shortage of technical personnel. It is also significant that the solution enhances the status of all concerned—employer, engineer and technician.

The Association's plan is ingenious and direct. It is also an indictment of industry for carelessness and misuse of technical resources and potential available to it.

What the plan says to industry, in effect, is this:

"Look, every time you ran into a problem or needed technical help you ran out to get an engineer. You ended up with engineers doing your routine draughting, production planning and assorted odd jobs.

"Now you scream because there aren't enough engineers to go around. You blame the universities. And then you complain about the high costs of training high-priced talent in the details of your particular business.

"What you should have been doing is training your own people. You should have been looking for the bright young men among your own workers and letting them move ahead into technical jobs.

"But you didn't take the initiative. So we did."

Editorials

Sequel to a Death

THE SHOW of indignation put on by the Federal Government following the death of E. Herbert Norman was a belated recognition of the depth and strength of the indignation that swept the nation after the devoted diplomat was driven by slander and fatigue to take his own life. It was clear that the Government initially did not expect anything like the violent reaction that actually occurred; there were genuine expressions of sorrow, but the Minister for External Affairs, Mr. Pearson, hoped that the tragic event would not be blown up into "an international incident". Such talk could not pacify enraged and shocked Canadians, and Mr. Pearson himself had to make it an international incident.

In fact, of course, Canada cannot do much more about this sort of thing than has been done by Mr. Pearson these past few weeks. Nor can we expect any more substantial results from our strongest protests as long as the White House is occupied by as weak a President as Mr. Eisenhower, who would sooner offend a friendly nation than a senile senator. And it is this mushy substitute for leadership that is alienating not only Canadians but allies of the U.S. throughout the West.

Let us not deceive ourselves. A great wave of anti-Americanism has swept over this nation during recent weeks.

After a while, the good sense of Canadians will reassert itself. They will not blame all Americans for the sins of the few. They will remember how quickly leading newspapers and public figures in the United States expressed their shame and shock after Mr. Norman's death. But now emotion has drowned reason.

It may be, however, that this display of Canadian temper will have some good results. It may be a healthy reminder to those Americans who are inclined to treat U.S. allies as colonial possessions that even the U.S. cannot live alone. It may help a little to persuade Eisenhower that there is more to being President than getting along with Congress, uttering pious platitudes and playing golf. And it may put some toughness into Ottawa's attitude towards big powers—for it must not be forgotten that the St. Laurent Government must bear some of the responsibility for what happened to Herbert Norman.

If the Government had been more forthright when the first charges of Communist association against Mr. Norman were made by the U.S. witchhunters in 1951, it is quite possible that the U.S. sub-committee would have been much less eager to try smearing him in 1957—and that Mr. Norman himself would have been much less worried about renewed muckraking. When the accusations were first made, Mr. Norman thought his usefulness to Canada had been so impaired that he should resign. His friends persuaded him, quite rightly, that he should continue to serve his country. But the Government showed considerable uncertainty. True, a statement was issued, clearing Mr. Norman, but it was a pretty cautious statement—and Mr. Norman was taken from the United Nations and shunted off to New Zealand. It was a fairly subdued vote of confidence, when what was called for (and demanded by many Canadians at the time) was a blunt and unequivocal expression of vigorous independence and of Canada's disgust with McCarthyism.

The duty of intelligent Canadians is clear. They must struggle against irrational anti-Americanism and be constantly alert against the growth in Canada of the guilt-by-association method of public trial—the condemnation of all Americans because of the filth of a few is itself an exhibition of that method. And above all, they must convince the men who form the Government that this is indeed a proud and independent nation, whose leaders must walk always with strength and courage in their bearing.

A Question of Ethics

PEOPLE who listen to election speeches during the current campaign may not hear many references to a short statement made by Trade Minister Howe in the closing days of the final session of Parliament. It was one terse sentence, a mighty revealing one.

Stanley Knowles, the CCF member for Winnipeg North Centre (and we hope he returns to Parliament, which needs more men of his calibre), had been questioning Mr. Howe about the propriety of a senior executive of a crown corporation also serving as an official of a private company. Mr. Howe, who has a genius for business and blurting, replied: "That is a question of ethics on which I would need to get an expert opinion." The questioning later switched to Prime Minister St. Laurent, who was even more evasive.

Mr. Howe, it seems, spoke for the Government. On questions of ethics, expert opinion is required — which may explain such curious exhibitions as Government treatment of the Speaker and the Commons during last year's pipeline debate, the stubborn refusal of the Immigration Department to change practices which have been repeatedly condemned by the courts, and the willingness of Ministers to mix the roles of private citizen and public figure.

The Ministers of the St. Laurent administration are all honest men, and most of them have given the country their best in hard and sincere work. But they are also members of a Government that has grown fat and arrogant from too many years in office. Their sense of responsibility to Parliament has been grievously dulled and pitted by the inevitable corruption of power. In the final forty-eight hours of its life, for example, Parliament was expected to give the Government virtually a blank cheque for future spending, without any question.

A ministry that must seek expert opinions on questions of ethics has outlived its usefulness in a democracy, no matter how upright or efficient the individual members may be. Its collective conscience has become too flabby for the healthy exercise of parliamentary responsibility.

Pressure on the CBC

THE PROLONGED attempt by the Conservatives and CCF to determine how much the Liberal Government influences the programming of the CBC demonstrated only what had been obvious to any reasonably intelligent Canadian: that there has been and undoubtedly will continue to be (no matter what party forms the Government) fairly steady political pressure on the men who run the CBC. Parliament seemed concerned only with the direct pressure, and little was said about the more subtle pressure that comes with the realization that the CBC is, after all, an agency created and sustained by a Parliament that has had no effective opposition in it for the greater part of the CBC's existence. It is odd for example, how those Ottawa newspapermen who are frequently used by the CBC as commentators and interrogators seem to lose all the fire they show in their writings when they are exposed to camera and microphone.

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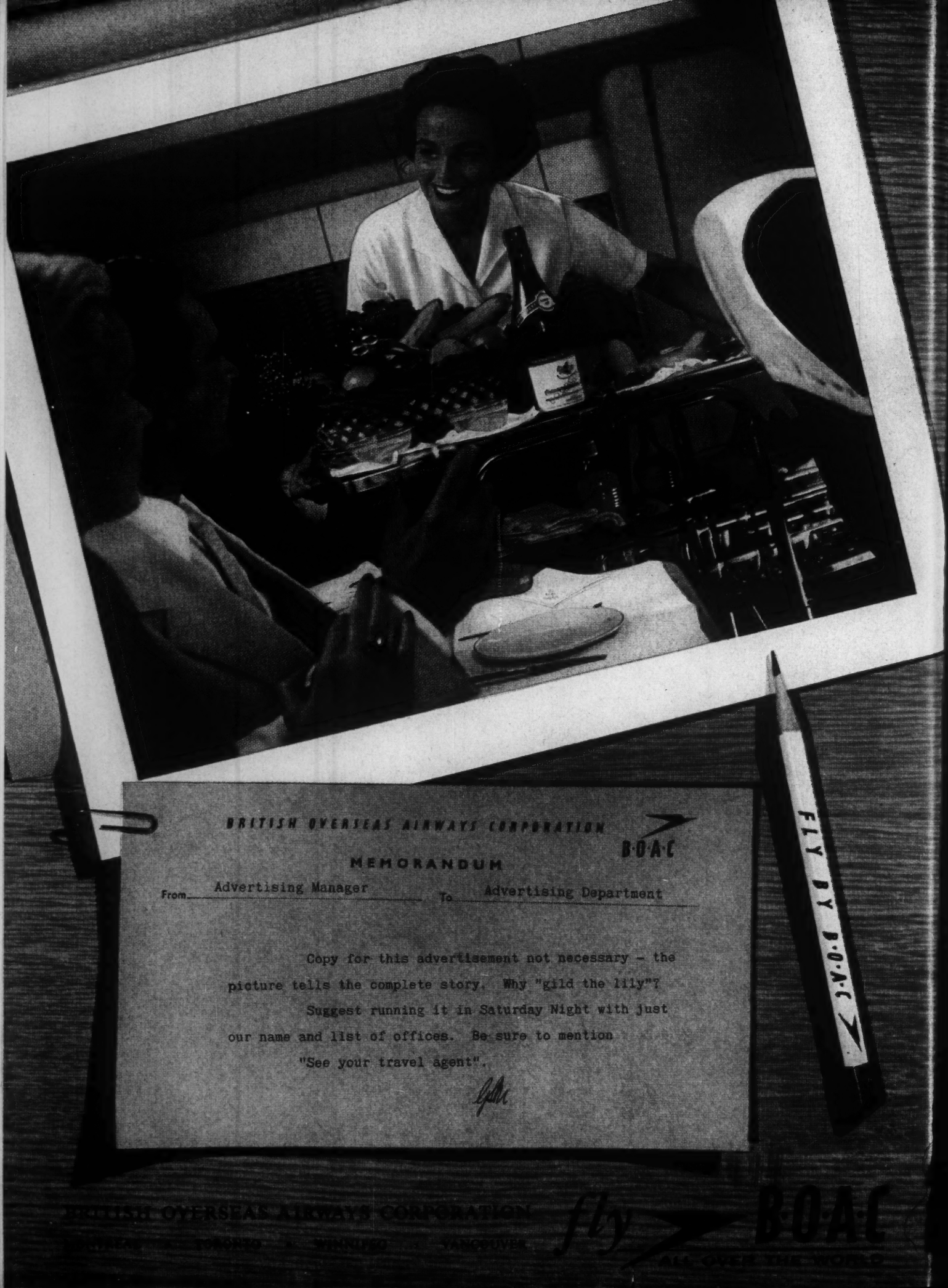
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